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m. F. Buckley Jr. on
SSINGER, THE SHAH
ND "60 MINUTES" – see page 74

NATIONAL REVIEW

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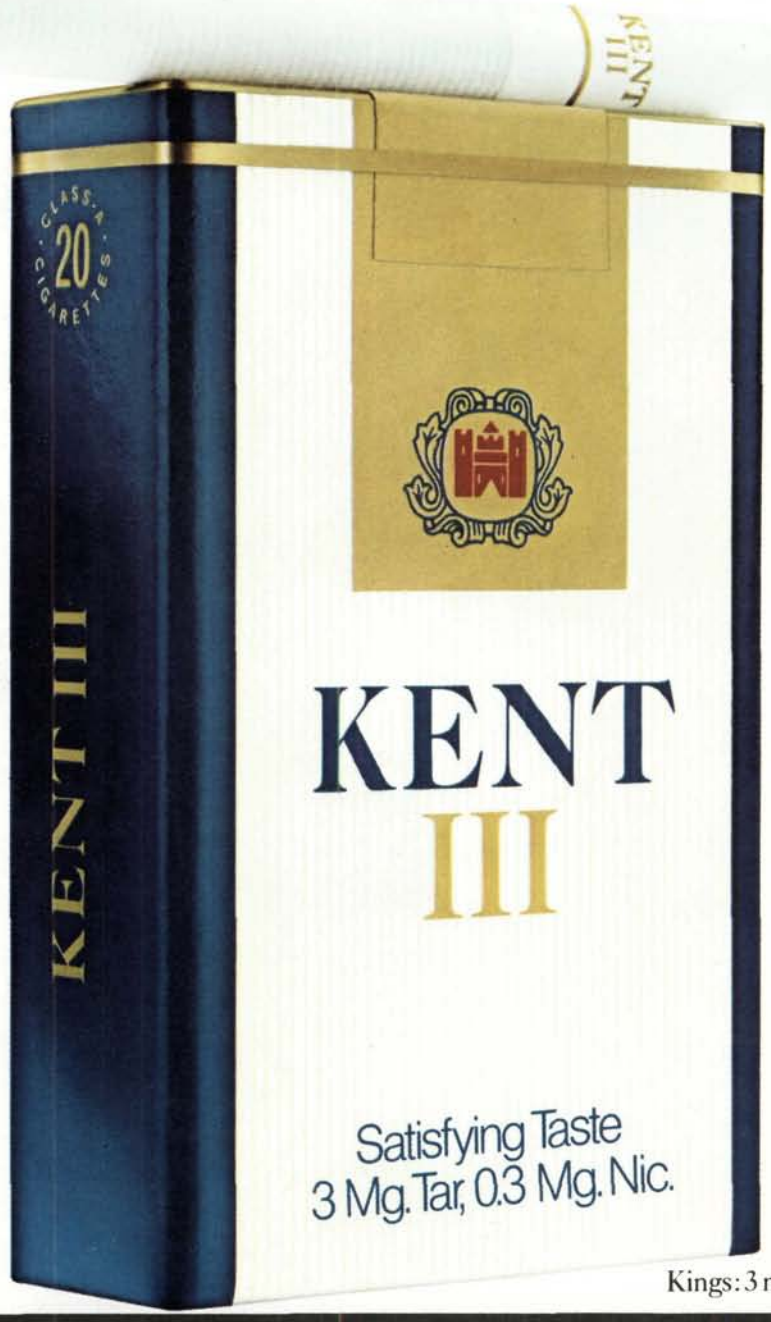

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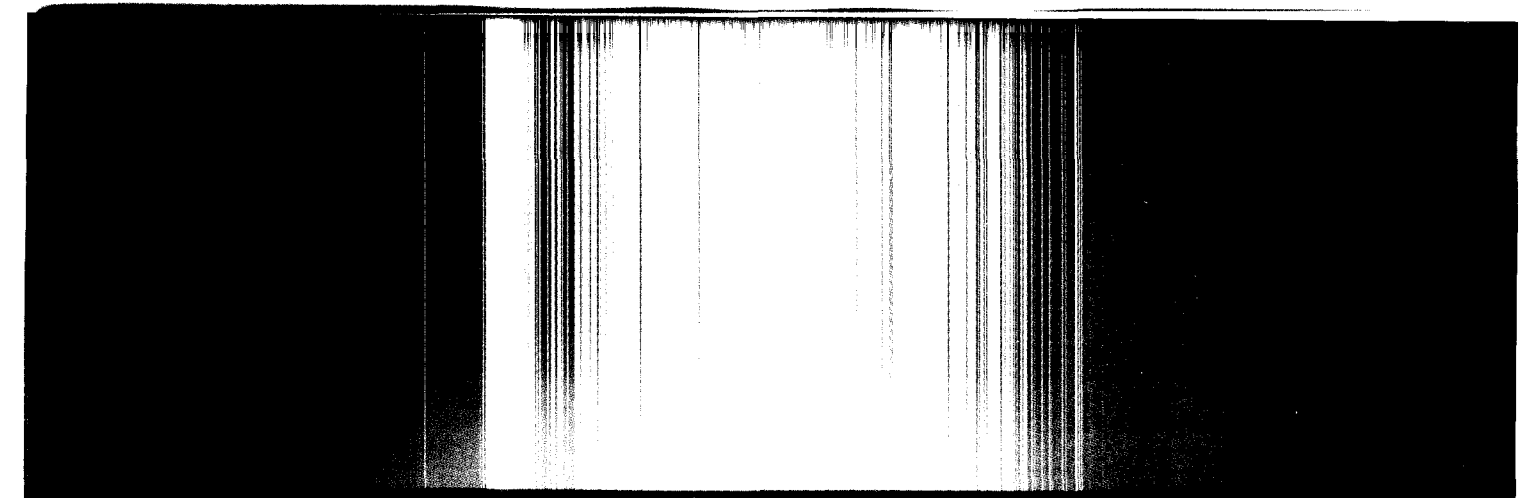

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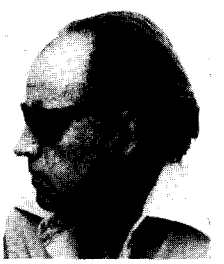

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Cover Story

714 The Dollar as Victim of Detente
When America's strength was unchallenged, so was the dollar's, and Europeans invested in the American currency as the surest port in any storm. Today, however, America seems not only weaker but less reliable, and the dollar is being put to tough tests it never had to face in the days of our postwar bounty to Western allies. Things won't improve until we recover our balance in foreign policy. But remedies aren't far to seek. *Karl Gruber*

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A story about values and their transmission. Names are changed to protect the guilty. *Neal B. Freeman*

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Pace the conventional wisdom, there are coups, and coups. *Brian Crozier*

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On death, and the fear thereof. *Michael Novak*

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Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

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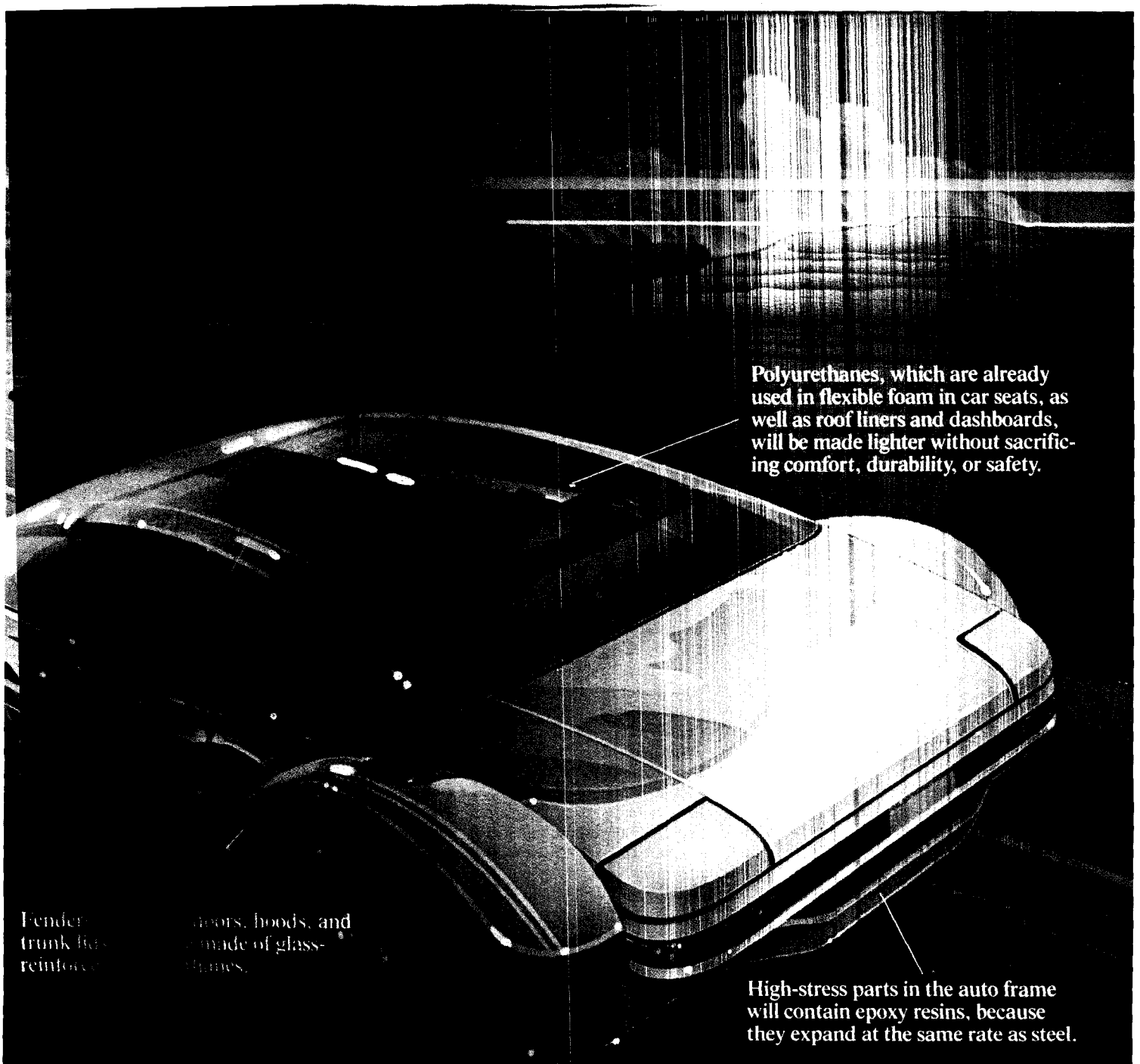

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Letters

Stranger Than Fiction

The spirit of Ian Fleming lives on! ["Rescue by the Private Sector," by Richard Shenkman, May 30.] Has *NR* gone into the short-fiction business? Is Ross Perot a pseudonym for Hercule Poirot? What a story!

William Pouncey
Long Beach, Calif.

Mea (Too Often) Culpa

Immediately following the announcement of the aborting of our Iran rescue mission, Mr. Carter said he took "full responsibility for its failing" ["The Week," May 16].

Seems to me I've been hearing his apologies and self-indictments before—too often before.

Before we get a chance to make a judgment as to the worthiness of a project, here he is already apologizing for the failure. That pell-mell rush to confession strangles any intelligent review. Who, after all, wants to question the breast-beating survivor of the mysteriously deceased?

Beyond that, one has the conviction that if tomorrow America were vanquished by a foe, Mr. Carter would, by 6 A.M. the day after, confess to "full responsibility." (Indeed, the feeling abounds that Mr. Carter would like to confess to something by 6 A.M. every day, if only a daily true cause could be found to fail.)

Please, please, Mr. President. No more confessions. Just give us an even keel and an occasional win.

Albert Levitt
Torrance, Calif.

Christianity vs. Capitalism?

In his article "Economics in the Catholic World" [May 2], Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn wrote, "Catholic antipathy to commercialism can be traced in part to the Gospel story of the moneychangers in the Temple—the only people to be physically chastised by our Lord. Most believers seem not to have noticed that the issue was not trade but desecration, and that this censure was far milder than that directed against the Scribes and Pharisees."

I read that just this morning on the bus coming in to work. I was caught by the correctness of the assessment.

Later in the day, at the office, I was handed a Xerox copy of an item that appeared in the *Congressional Record* (April 30). The item was a speech by William W. Winpisinger before the Humanist Society of Metropolitan New York. The address "discussed the development of the corporate state and its relationship to the economy," according to Representative Ted Weiss (D., N.Y.), who placed the speech into the record.

What astounded me was not all the usual socialistic rhetoric one has come to expect from Winpisinger regarding our free-enterprise system. No, what shocked me was his penultimate paragraph, which went: "We need to work with church groups in all our coalitions. It wasn't the poor or unemployed Christ threw out of the Temple. Moneychangers provoked his only fit of rage. And the American clergy and laity are waking up to that."

As usual, Kuehnelt-Leddihn has his crystal ball in sharp focus. When totalitarian radicals call for the Church to join in the attack on big, bad corporate America and when the Church starts to respond in kind, then we know we're in trouble.

Thomas Minarik
Chantilly, Va.

Father Drinan's Theology

As I listened to Father Drinan's farewell speech ["The Week," May 30], I was astonished to learn that God's work is equated with a 100 per cent ADA rating.

William M. Murray
Dedham, Mass.

On Forgiving Others' Enemies

Michael Novak ["The Failure of 'Christian Politics,'" May 16] has articulated the central problem of Carter's foreign policy: the assumption that international relations can be conducted on the same basis as interpersonal relations. The irony is that Carter is a professed admirer of Reinhold Niebuhr, who explained long ago that the biblical injunction to turn the other cheek refers only to insults *personally* suffered. To forgive somebody else's enemies is betrayal.

Marie Neumann
Boston, Mass.

Media Malfeasance

Your foamings about "media outrage" in press depiction of the casualties of the Teheran raid ["The Week," May 16] are misplaced.

Certainly, the news is painful to the families of the men who died, who know that the charred limb flaunted by some Iranian zealot may well be that of a loved one.

But though I, too, felt revulsion at the television replays of the ghoulish scenes, I was glad that they were shown. No printed description or hedging voice-over

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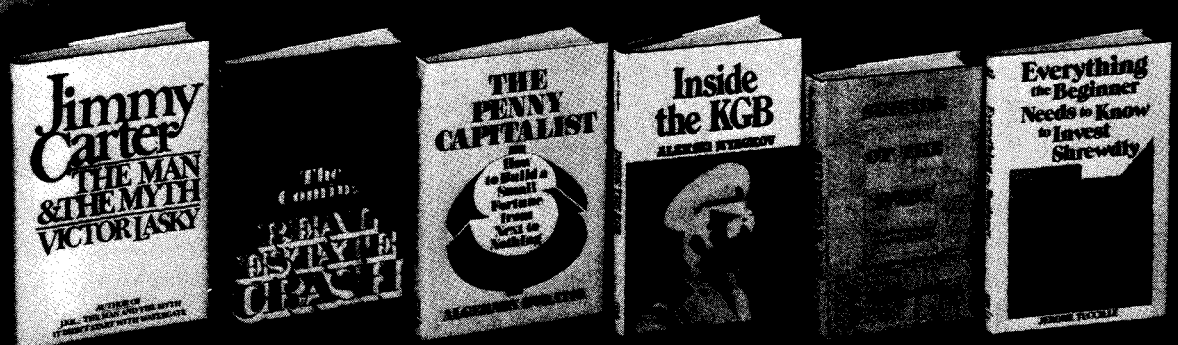
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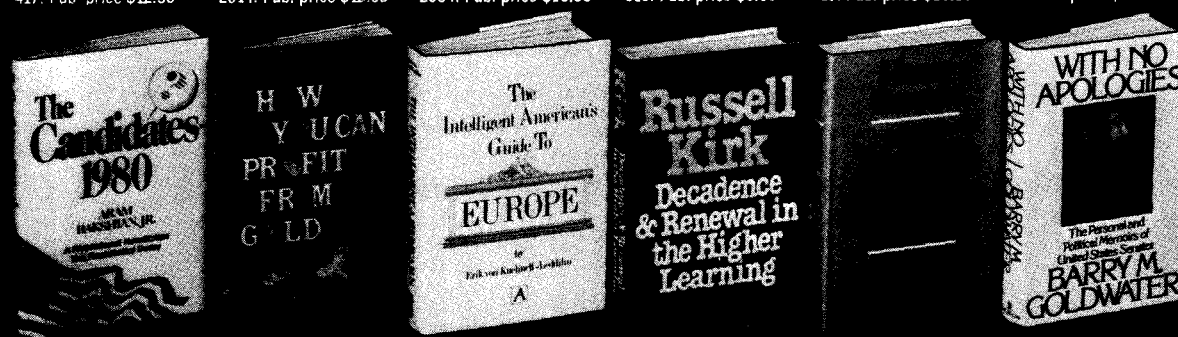
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could have so brutally reminded us that we are in effect at war, that the glib talk of national sacrifice and determination means risking the horrible loss of American fighting men, and that the prospect of such loss demands that the best of equipment and facilities be supplied them.

Finally, the grisly scenes from Teheran, however painful, speak for themselves of the callous and monomaniacal character of some factions of the Iranian revolution.

Had the American press refused to show the scenes of carnage, I suspect *NR* would have been among the first to accuse newsmen of concealing the ruthlessness of an adversary.

Clark T. Irwin Jr.
Portland, Me.

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Praise and Thanksgiving

Re "The Week," May 16: Let's "talk turkey" about that turkey in the Rose Garden. November is surely coming! And you-all know what happens to turkeys in November.

Frank Grover
Searsmont, Me.

Being Held Accountable

Your May 16 issue ["For the Record"] reports that "More than half of the Republicans in the House (67 of 159) have endorsed RR." Don't let the writer who was responsible for the above mathematics get away; he may be needed for the counting of electoral votes for Ronald Reagan in November.

John O'Meara
Claymont, Del.

Dick, Sí; Don, No

Just a minute now. I'm afraid you've got your Wrights mixed up ["Notes & Asides," May 16]. Don Wright, who won this year's Pulitzer, is a radical-lib sort of a fellow; Dick Wright, of the *Providence Journal-Bulletin*—also a Pulitzer Prize winner, but not this year's—is a conservative, and is the one you print.

Amelia Lipscomb
Providence, R.I.

Malpractice Blues

Concerning M. Stanton Evans's commentary on the rising costs of health care in America ["Dark Horses," April 4], I wish to add that one of the greatest factors is the ever-increasing cost of malpractice insurance, not because actual malpractice is increasing—quite the contrary—but because doctors have to practice defensive medicine to protect themselves against barratry as practiced by many lawyers who incite patients to sue doctors on a contingency basis. This malicious practice is banned in all democratic countries except the U.S.A.

Doctors must order every conceivable laboratory test, X-ray examinations, nuclear medical tests, brain scans, cat scans —ad infinitum. In most cases at least some of these tests are unnecessary, but they are done so that the doctor can prove that every measure was thought of and taken. I could go on in more detail, but I'm sure you get the point.

In addition, some of the lawyers retained by insurance companies to defend their policy-holding doctors postpone and drag out the cases—I believe because the longer a case hangs fire, the longer they may obtain and justify their retainer; others prefer to settle out of court rather than work up an adequate defense, which drives up the cost of insurance. The jury system is also at fault. Lay jurors will tend to decide in favor of the plaintiff who has suffered brain damage, blindness, the loss of

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a limb, etc., whether any malpractice was involved or not—usually the latter. Well-trained medico-legal judges or panels would be much more sensible.

This should give you some of the background for our high medical costs. We are on the horns of a dilemma until our Congress revises our judiciary system of barratry so as to hold the lawyer liable for damages if he loses his case.

Sam M. Powell, MD
Birmingham, Ala.

Working from Within

Neal B. Freeman's column "The Bureaucratic Scam" [May 16] is characteristically on target. However, a small but important footnote should be added.

Of the 2.6 million federal employees eligible to receive all of the civil service goodies described in his column, the personal political staff and legislative committee staff on Capitol Hill are *not* among them. They, i.e., we, must contract with private insurance carriers and retirement-fund people—which is how we conservatives believe things ought to be done.

Fellow conservatives, many of them less conscientious than Neal Freeman, habitually attack the non-elected, law-creating federal bureaucracy on Capitol Hill. Let us never forget, though, that many of *them* are actually *us*, and that we are really termites working from within.

Ronald F. Docksai
Legislative Counsel
Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources
Washington, D.C.

Rising Stars

Re the letters objecting to NATIONAL REVIEW's erudition ["Notes & Asides," April 4]: Perhaps NATIONAL REVIEW's readership could be increased by lowering its common denominator, but I deplore the idea, even though I need the dictionary at my side, and even though some of *NR*'s allusions go over my head. I have always thought the chief service of this magazine is to state the conservative position in a style and language suited to capture the academy, to feed leaders with convincing arguments for the free-enterprise system, to suggest novel approaches to public problems, and to illuminate philosophical and logical foundations for political positions. I also look to the magazine for news coverage neglected by other media, and identification of personalities for and against freedom.

I credit NATIONAL REVIEW with almost singlehandedly changing the conservative image from "redneck" to one that is admissible among the opinion shapers. Hang in there, in another twenty years we may be the stars!

Mary Joy Cowper
Big Spring, Tex.

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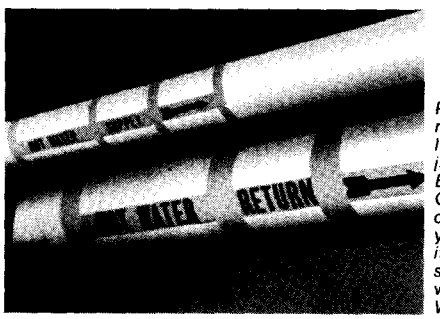

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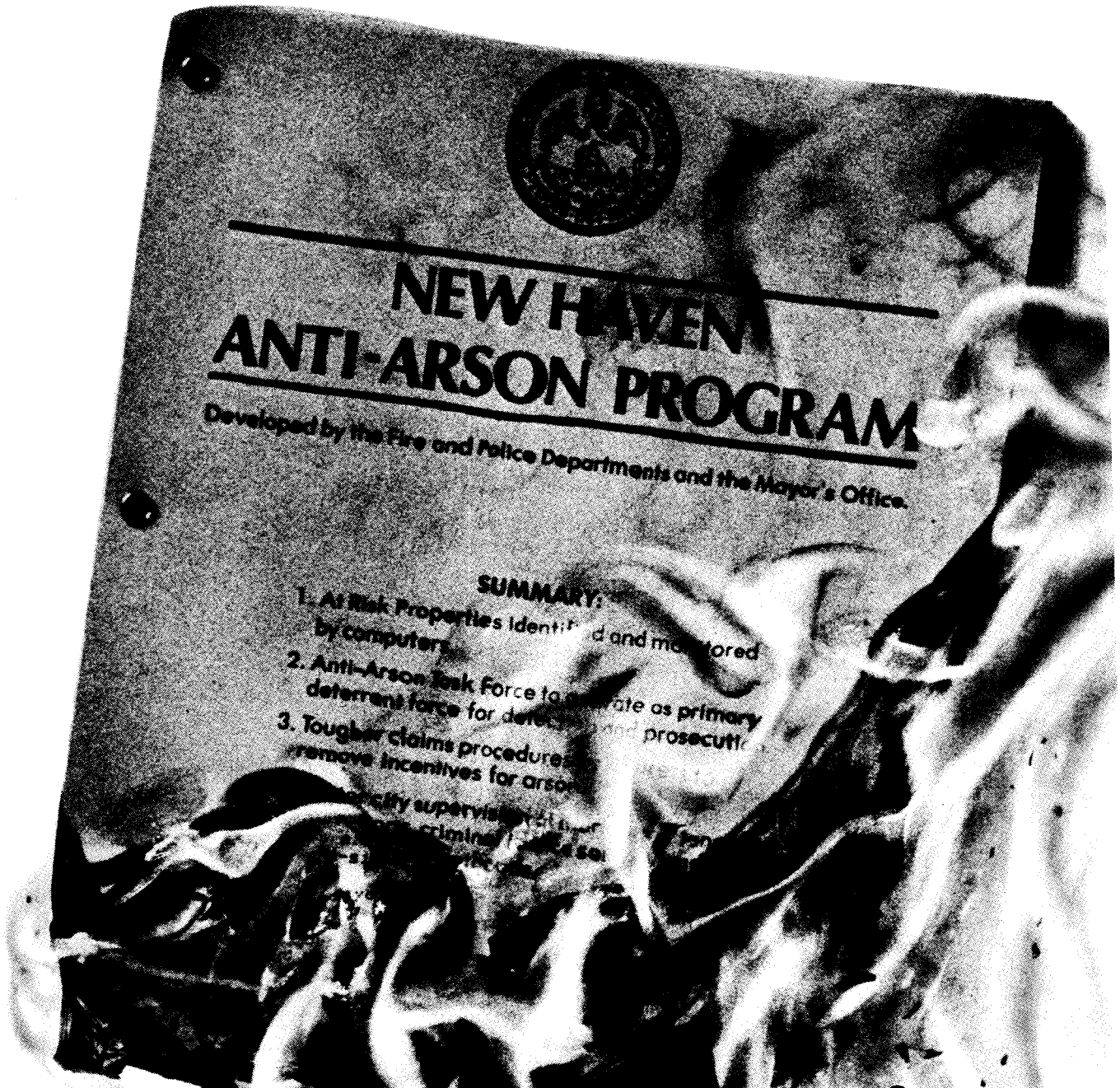

How many arsonists in your city don't want you to read this?

Arsonists would like you to go on thinking there's "nothing you can do to stop them." Because when people start doing something the results are inspiring.

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In New Haven, Connecticut—a city where suspicious fires increased by over 400% between 1973 and 1976—a new anti-arson program is already paying off.[1] A $175,000 arson-for-profit scam was broken up, and the man convicted won't be burning any more buildings where he's going for the next 3-7 years.[2]

New Haven's program also calls for potential arson-for-profit buildings to be identified by computer—a preventive measure to save the inner city of New Haven.

Can your city fight arson as successfully as New Haven? Ætna says you can.

We're developing pilot anti-arson programs, spreading information, and tightening up our own claims procedures.[3]

Ætna also supports fighting fire with legislation. The recent congressional classification of arson as a crime on a level with murder is just a start. The proposed Anti-Arson Act of 1979 goes further...it puts federal law enforcement tools in the hands of state and local governments.[4]

Arson cost over $1-billion and 700 lives in 1977. It's a crime we all have to pay for. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

[1] New Haven is but one example of organized anti-arson efforts proving their worth. Seattle, Washington has reduced arson by 30%; *Tampa, Florida by 47% in just two years!*

[2] New Haven's crack Arson Squad is made up of city investigators, prosecutors, and the police and fire departments. Cities with divided anti-arson forces all too often fail to detect or convict the culprits.

[3] Ætna is supplying funds to establish two model anti-arson programs: for New Haven ($97,000) and for the California District Attorney's Association ($140,000) to develop manuals for national distribution on how to prosecute arsonists successfully. We've hired John Barracato, one of the nation's foremost arson experts whose credentials include Deputy Chief Fire Marshal of New York City, to coordinate our anti-arson efforts. To learn how you can help your city, write to John Barracato at Ætna Life & Casualty, Hartford, CT 06156.

[4] Connecticut recently passed some of the toughest arson laws in the country, and Ætna is working hard to get such laws in other states. This effort needs the help of every citizen.

Ætna Life & Casualty
151 Farmington Avenue
Hartford, CT 06156

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FOR THE RECORD

■ This was **Ronald Reagan**'s week. **George Bush** pulled out of the race and people started talking seriously of the composition of a Reagan Administration. . . . A front-page *Washington Post* article reported that Reagan's "government in waiting" would be staffed by big domes from the **American Enterprise Institute**, the **Heritage Foundation**, the Georgetown U. **Center for Strategic and International Studies** (all Washington-based), and the **Hoover Institution** in Stanford, California. . . . The *New York Times* reported that members of the **B Team**, a team of outside experts whose assessment of Soviet power in 1976 challenged CIA/Government estimates (and proved more accurate) are enlisting on Ronald Reagan's foreign policy advisory team. Among them such heavyweights as former Deputy Sec. of Defense **Robert Ellsworth**, former Dep. Sec. of the Treasury **Charls Walker**, Adm. **Thomas Moorer** and Gen. **Daniel Graham**, defense policy analyst (and sometime *NR* contributor) **William Van Cleave**, and historian **Richard Pipes** of Harvard. . . . *U.S. News* has come up with another suggestion for the vice presidential sweepstakes, former Defense Sec. and NATO ambassador **Donald Rumsfeld**, who has strong ties to the **Gerald Ford** wing of the party. Rumsfeld was Ford's chief of staff. . . . And things were looking good out on the hustings. A week before the New Jersey et al. primaries, the **Eagleton Institute** reported Reagan four percentage points ahead of **Carter** in that heavily industrialized (and currently depressed) large Northeastern state. Three months ago Carter led Reagan by 35 points in New Jersey. . . . The labor vote is in doubt, according to UAW President **Douglas Fraser**. "I don't know how long it will last," Fraser told *Washington Post* correspondent **David Broder**, "but if this anger sustains itself it [the union vote] will go for Reagan, no question." . . . Reagan was helped too by George Bush's graceful exit. In low-key interview with **Douglas Kneeland** of the *Times*, Bush picked up the *Yale Alumni Quarterly* with a grin (no need to fight the "preppy"-Ivy League image anymore) and pushed aside "the conservative NATIONAL REVIEW" (no need to conciliate the GOP hardliners either).

Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"I always thought that diplomatic immunity meant a bullet-proof Mercedes."

■ And Carter's problems continue. He failed to go over the top in the **Kentucky**, **Nebraska**, and **Arkansas** primaries, as his campaign staff had hoped, although he beat Kennedy in all three. . . . But the camps are talking, according to the *Christian Science Monitor*. It says Carter's campaign manager **Robert Strauss** has been conferring with Kennedy's national political director **Paul Kirk** on a Democratic platform that both camps could accept, in order to prevent an open rupture at the convention. . . . The White House continues to seethe over Gov. **Hugh Carey**'s suggestion for an "open convention." Carey's brainstorm, say **Evans and Novak**, has succeeded only "in putting him above Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** on the White House hate list, which takes some doing." . . . The *Chicago Tribune* Service poll finds New Yorkers think the race will be between Reagan and Anderson in November.

■ Of interest: **Anthony R. Dolan**, a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter for the *Stamford Advocate* (and *NR* alumnus), has signed on the Reagan campaign staff as assistant to chairman William J. Casey. . . . **Alan Gottlieb** of the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms has formed a committee to support a **Phil Crane** vice presidential bid. . . . **David Allen**, brother to Reagan's chief foreign policy advisor, **Richard V. Allen**, has joined Crane's staff as administrative assistant. . . . **M. Stanton Evans** is the new publisher of the *Consumer Research* magazine. . . . **Antony Fisher**, who founded **Margaret Thatcher**'s favorite Institute of Economic Affairs in London, has now founded a Pacific counterpart, Pacific Institute for Public Policy Research. For info: write **David Theroux**, Executive Director, 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94101. . . . Speakers at Third Annual Freedom Seminar (July 27 to Aug. 1) will include, among others, **Robert Bleiberg** *(Barron's)*, Gen. Daniel Graham, **Anthony Harrigan**, **Walter Williams**, **Hanz Sennholz**. Brochure available from **Lawrence W. Reed**, Northwood Institute, Midland, Mich. 48640.

■ Late note from the Michigan Democratic primary. It was won by: Uncommitted, 53 per cent; followed by **Jerry Brown** 34 per cent, **Lyndon LaRouche** 13 per cent.

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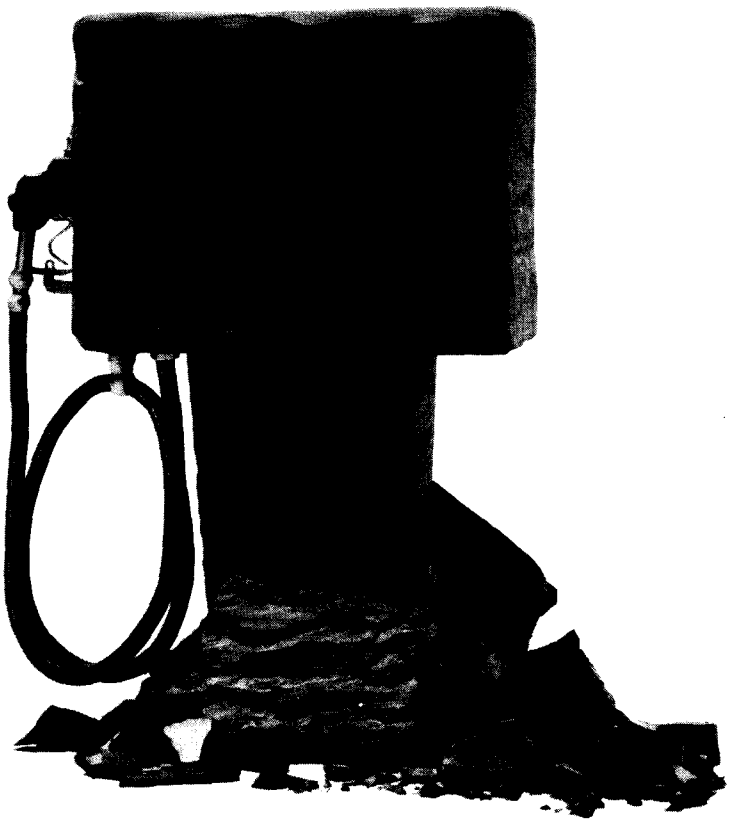
We're willing to spend hundreds of millions of dollars to bring you gasoline from oil shale before the end of the 80's.



American oil shale reserves contain more oil than all the crude oil reserves of the Middle East. The greatest concentration of this shale is located in western states such as Colorado. On just one 5,000-acre tract where Amoco and its partner are working, there's enough shale to produce up to 5 billion barrels of oil—making it one of the richest oil reserves in the United States.

Right now we have $100 million and nearly six years invested in our pilot oil shale plant. We're willing to spend hundreds of millions of dollars more to make this plant a commercial reality.

New American oil below world prices

The technology exists to separate refinable oil from shale. And in spite of the tremendous cost, we believe that we can eventually deliver this oil at prices below what we will be paying for foreign oil.

But there's a problem beyond technology that must be addressed before we can move ahead much further. And this problem is created by what we believe is the government's unrealistic level of regulatory paper work.

The initial approvals we received to develop the site we're working are good only for experimental production. Before we can begin commercial output of 76,000 barrels per day, we have to go through the whole process all over again.

Over 120 permits just to get started

The first time around we had to obtain more than 120 permits and approvals before we could begin our work. Compiling the environmental data alone cost over $5 million and took more than 2 years.

When regulation gets to the point where it obscures the original purpose—in this case, developing new American energy—then it's time to put things back in perspective. America can't afford to drag its feet any longer. Foreign oil is becoming more expensive by the month and continues to threaten the security of our country.

The sooner we can get on with the job of producing new American energy, the sooner we can help end this dependency. That is why we plan to spend even more money in the 1980's to make gasoline from oil shale. We want to make it available on a large scale in this decade.

America runs better on American oil.

AMOCO

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THE WEEK

■ Play it again, Sam. You can now go to a government office on Pennsylvania Avenue and listen to 31 Nixon Watergate conversations. Soon, you will be able to listen to six thousand hours of recorded Nixon conversations. More, as they say, is more, and this joy will never end.

■ Our Commander-in-Chief reacted quickly to the House-Senate conference committee's decision to add $3.2 billion to the defense budget. Speaking at a White House briefing for community leaders, the gutsy Mr. Carter declared his opposition to the increase on the grounds that the increase in defense "severely restrains" programs "for jobs, for cities, for training, for education." Besides, said Carter, the defense increase is "more than we actually need." By "we," it should be understood, Carter means, not the United States, but the masterminds of his re-election campaign, who feel that he must do as much groveling as is necessary to stem the flow of liberal Democrats to John Anderson. If Carter has any doubts that the military couldn't spend the money, he might consult Lieutenant General Lawrence Skantze of the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio. Skantze has said that if the planes in his command don't get supplemental funds to take them into FY 1981, which begins on October 1, they will have to cease flying July 1.

■ Consumer prices went up, in April, at an annual rate of about 11 per cent, which looks good only when contrasted with the banana-republic rates we experienced a couple of months ago. The prime rate has dropped from a peak of 20 per cent to about 14 per cent. The White House boys say inflation has been whipped. However: stomping on the interest rate at home has made the dollar weak against the Swiss franc, the D-mark, and even the pound sterling; and the price of gold has firmed to a two-month trading high. The budget for FY 1981 bids fair to be in deficit to the tune of $80 billion or so. Inflation isn't whipped. It's just playin' 'possum.

■ With the 53 Americans still in captivity, it is difficult to find anything creditable in a half-year of futile World Court decrees, vain UN resolutions, scorned importunities, ignored warnings, ambiguous penalties, and bungled missions. President Carter, however, is imaginative in such matters. At Norfolk the other day, he gave a heroes' welcome to three naval crews back from protracted duty on the other side of the world. Their months on station in the Persian Gulf area had saved the captives' lives, he said. A splendid thought. By logical extension, why not run for re-election as the President who made Iran safe for the hostages?

■ It is now reported that Moscow has developed a ground-based laser that can knock down American reconnaissance satellites. Pretty soon their lasers will be in orbit, ready to knock down our communications and early-warning satellites. Since the Congress has already knocked down our ground-based info systems (mainly the CIA), this means we'll stumble deaf and blind into the next encounter, unless we 1) put the CIA back in business, 2) go ahead full speed with the ABM, and 3) fill the sky with red-white-and-blue lasers. Just a matter of survival.

■ European statesmen, with their penchant for worrying the wrong questions, are divided over the question whether the present situation is more like 1914 or more like 1938. In 1914 the Continent drifted into war because no one knew the extent of the secret treaties (failure of intelligence). In 1938 war came again because no one knew Hitler's real strength and intentions—and because everyone coasted along on the delusion of "peace in our time" as negotiated by Neville Chamberlain at Munich (spirit of appeasement, now called detente). In actual fact, it's both 1914 and 1938 in Europe now, and also in Washington: no public recognition of the real situation, and a mad hope that sweet-talk will stop barbarians. As Lord Grey said, the lamps are going out.

■ Where Is She Now? Nora, a woman Sandinista guerrilla, was introduced to the readers of the *Washington Post* a year ago by reporter Karen DeYoung as a woman willing and able to do her bit for the Sandinista cause. She even set up her lover, a Nation-

The Japanese Are Coming

They make more watches than the Swiss;
  More cameras than the Germans.
Detroit's distress has hit a note
  That rivals Ethel Merman's.
The Yamahas and Hondas spew
  A motorcycle Eden,
While in our plants we seem to be
  Behaving just like Sweden.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

We note with sadness that the Foreign Service has adopted a system of "differential scoring" under which minority applicants will be given a bonus of five points on the rigorous FS entrance exam. According to State Department spokesmen, this program represents the first time that preferential hiring practices have been established at any federal agency.

The Foreign Service has operated for some time under affirmative-action guidelines, which, it says here, should not be confused with preferential hiring practices. Under affirmative action, minority applicants are not required to take an exam at all. They may apply on the basis of previous academic performance—college grade transcripts, for the most part. The record now shows, however, that the affirmative-action programs have produced an insufficient number of minority officers. Thus the new scoring system: blacks, Hispanics, Orientals, and American Indians must achieve a score of seventy. For all others the passing score is 75. (Women, incidentally, are not considered a minority group in this dispensation.)

The Foreign Service has compiled a long and honorable tradition of service to the nation. Some of its most distinguished members have also been members of minority groups, especially blacks. What personal agony this decision must inflict on them! The Foreign Service will now be divided into two classes of officers, distinguished not by the size of the paycheck or the length of service, but by the color of one's skin.

■ Beware John Anderson. We have seen the polls purporting to show that he cuts more deeply into Carter's support than Reagan's. We have seen the dope stories on how Anderson will swing the election to Reagan. We have even seen White House-connected attorneys scurrying about the country trying to knock Anderson off big-state ballots. Even so—even so—a deep breath is advised. We have in the White House a healthy incumbent who will almost certainly win renomination. In seeking re-election he will be up against no overriding ideological or personal issues. Under such circumstances, history suggests, there is one way and one way only for the challenger to oust him; the challenger must make the incumbent *the* issue in the general campaign. The question must be posed to the electorate: Are you satisfied with Jimmy Carter's leadership? That is precisely what Governor Reagan is determined to do. If he succeeds, which at this point seems highly possible, what he doesn't need is John Anderson providing a half-way house for disaffected Carter supporters. Better for Reagan if they come all the way over to his column.

Conversely, if Carter succeeds in making Reagan the issue—his age, his extreme views, his simplistic formulations, or such like—Anderson could complicate Carter's life. He could divide the anti-Reagan vote. Is it then a trade-off, with Anderson hurting Carter if the incumbent leads, and hurting Reagan if the challenger leads? The point is far from apodictic, but we ask a question and then state an opinion. First, if Reagan is the issue—if the public perception is that he would lead us into war, depression, or a cultural Ice Age—would the voters' likely response be to move toward a man with even less executive experience, a quantity even less well known? And second: we remind all concerned that political contests are not zero-sum games. And, as a corollary, that the dynamics of a three-man race are vastly different from those of a two-man race. For our part, we would prefer a straight up-or-down vote on James Earl Carter.

■ When you hear the same story, almost verbatim, from a half-dozen well-traveled Americans, you begin to believe it. The story we are beginning to hear from American reporters and diplomats returning from the Middle East is that the American businessman, once ubiquitous in the region, has all but disappeared. Along with him have gone the Otis elevators, the Kohler sinks, and the other evidences of economic presence. As our commercial retreat proceeds apace, the vacuum is eagerly filled by others—Germans, Koreans, French, Japanese. This shift in the economic balance is a critical factor in the realignment of global forces. We are only strong as our economic muscle.

American businessmen point to the obvious problems, in the hopes that this Administration, or its successor, will bestir itself to help: domestic inflation, antitrust restraints, environmental excess, a deteriorating capital plant, prohibitions on foreign sales commissions, and declining productivity. In other words, virtually all of the problems that have been imposed on business by governmental regulatory and tax policies. The multinationals are not running to Washington for bailouts and sweetheart loans. At this point in commercial history, they would gladly settle for an economic environment in which they could compete on equal terms with their principal foreign rivals. —CATO

---

al Guard general and a good friend of Somoza, for assassination by her Sandinista pals. According to Karen DeYoung's *Washington Post* story, the Sandinista shot him. According to Jack Anderson's story, which ran the same day in the *Post*, the Sandinista slit his throat. According to Norman Wolfson ("Selling Somoza: The Lost Cause of a PR Man," *NR*, July 20, 1979), "When the general's body was found he was rolled up in a Sandinista flag. But he wasn't a corpse by bullet or knife wounds. Nora and her companions had icepicked him to death, after puncturing his ears and picking out his eyes. They also castrated him and taped his penis and testicles inside his mouth." Has such devotion to duty been rewarded? Indeed yes. Reed Irvine reports that Nora has just been appointed Nicaragua's special prosecutor charged with bringing an estimated seven thousand political prisoners to revolutionary justice.

■ "The controversial former ruler . . ."—now who could that be? Queen Juliana, Mahatma Gandhi, Nerd XIV of Sikkim? The news article (quoted from the *Sunday Standard*, Bombay/New Delhi, in *World Press Review*, June) continues: ". . . accused of gen-

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ocide against some three million people. . . ." Good thing Pol Pot didn't run up a score of six million. The *Sunday Standard* might have been forced to call him "difficult," or "erratic."

■ The People's Republic of China, whose efforts in missile technology began with Soviet aid in the 1950s, has now demonstrated ICBM capabilities in a series of experimental launchings from Shuangehenzgi to a target area lying to the east-southeast about five thousand miles away in the Pacific Ocean. China's ICBMs should become operational well before the close of the 1980s, and strategically significant numbers may be accumulated by the 1990s. China's missile potential heretofore has been limited to ranges of 3,500 miles or less—with a battery of approximately sixty missiles secreted in caves and capable of reaching targets in the Soviet Union. China's arrival as possessor of significant strength in ICBMs will affect strategic equations far into the future, but for the time being the chief worrier over the prospect must be the Soviet Union.

■ In case you were wondering, the IRS excise tax on coal from deep mines is twice as much as the IRS excise tax on coal from strip mines, and if the coal from underground is mixed with coal from the surface, the IRS has to blend the taxes to match the blend of coals, and you thought *you* had accounting headaches.

■ More ominous news for the Democratic National Convention at Madison Square Garden. New York City hookers have voted to double their rates for the occasion. Democrats are appealing, under the Fourteenth Amendment.

■ ANITA DIVORCES STOP PHIL AND MARLO MARRY STOP URSULA GIVES BIRTH COMMA TO MARRY FATHER STOP PROGNOSIS FOR FAMILY AS INSTITUTION UNCLEAR STOP REGARDS COMMA NATIONAL REVIEW

■ Authorities have finally declared Washington a disaster area. No, no, no, the other one.

■ I'm sorry I made an ash of myself. Lava, come back to me. Love, Helen

Scarlett's Revenge

To Norfolk, Atlanta, and Tampa;
To Phoenix, Tucson, and L.A.,
The North is a-moving, with hairdos
Recalling the Blue and the Grey.
It's not that they're suddenly "Southern";
They simply prefer to be warm.
They're taking their pensions and savings,
And, boy, is that raising a storm!

W. H. VON DREELE

Congratulations

Ronald Reagan has now effectively won the Republican nomination for President, upon which we congratulate him without neglecting to felicitate ourselves. Reagan has been our favorite candidate for roughly as long as we have been his favorite magazine, and we have rejoiced this year at his fresh demonstration of the strength he has shown since 1966: a quiet power to pull the voters his way, a genius for establishing conservatism as the true "vital center" of American politics.

To enumerate Reagan's virtues is to risk seeming to recite the Boy Scout litany. Let it suffice that those virtues are there, and that they are seen and felt. And let it not be overlooked that he has parried, with considerable aplomb and humor, the sort of barrage of abuse that has so often destabilized other candidates, like the present Secretary of State. Charges of age, ethnic insensitivity, extremism, inaccuracy, supply-side gimmickry: how deftly he has deflected them, how trivial he has made them seem.

Now comes the toughest phase. It will be his part to restore the sense that government is essentially concerned with a value which, someone has observed, passed entirely unmentioned at the convention that nominated Jimmy Carter in 1976: freedom. But the country does seem to be in a freedom-loving mood, and we have a hunch that mood may be intensified, thanks to the candidate himself, by early November.

Reagan's Veep

Now that he has clinched the nomination, the question of a vice presidential nominee moves into the foreground of Reagan's planning. That choice will be a major chess piece on the November board.

New York Times columnist William Safire has come up with an interesting recommendation. He suggests that Reagan name several acceptable choices and let them campaign for the nomination. This would add competitive interest to the Republican picture, now that the presidential choice is settled.

But it's not a good idea. It leaves too much to chance. On the Vice Presidency, Reagan has four urgent necessities.

First, *he has to avoid a mistake*. Call it damage control. In 1968, the media ran Muskie against Ag-

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new. In 1976, the media ran Dole against Mondale. In 1972, Eagleton destroyed what there was to destroy of George McGovern. In the coldest of political terms, the vice presidential nominee is a pain in the neck; but since you have to have one, he ought to be as damage-proof as possible.

Second, given the ever-lurking age issue, Reagan needs a vice presidential candidate who will be credible as a potential President. The days of Cactus Jack Garner and Alben Barkley are gone forever. No small-time mayor or off-the-back-shelf congressman will do this time.

Third, the nominee should complement Reagan, if possible fill in the perceived gaps. That is, he should possess Washington and foreign-policy stature.

Fourth, the choice ought to represent a conciliatory gesture to Republicans who did not initially favor Reagan, a gesture that would make it easy for them to support the ticket. The ticket cannot be oxymoronic—those days are gone, too—but a number of leading Republicans are compatible with Reagan on the major issues.

And, fifth, there *are* major issues. It is essential to a serious politics to distinguish between matters that are absolutely vital and matters that, however important, do not have that character. The major issues in 1980 have to do with the survival of the Republic. They are economic and military. On those issues, the vice presidential nominee must be composed of solid steel.

The Hundred Days Starts Today

Reagan "likes the idea of a thunderbolt opener," says a recent cover story in *Fortune*. On the next page, *Fortune* has arranged some favorite Reagan programs on a yellow memo pad; the pad is headed "DO IN FIRST 100 DAYS!!"

But the Hundred Days is really only a metaphor. Roosevelt had a relatively small Federal Government, and a friendly Congress. Reagan will have neither. The beginning of his term must therefore be planned now, not next January. The most important hundred days will be the next three months, until the fall campaign begins in earnest. What should Reagan be planning?

1. *Timetables.* Some parts of the government the President controls, and can change immediately; some are grey areas; the bulk of the federal machine is a joint operation, which takes time to retool. It is critical to keep these areas distinct, and to make the distinctions clear to the public. Half the items on the *Fortune* list—a tax cut, a manned bomber—are long-term tasks. Carter's greatest failing during his first two years was that he attempted tasks which could not be brought to immediate fruition: hence, in part, the impression of failure. Reagan should be in a position to say, the day after the Inaugural Ball: "This is what I can do now, and I will; this (though there are constitutional doubts) is what I think I can do, and here are my reasons why; and this is what I would like to see done, with the help of Congress, and the support of the American people."

2. *Personnel.* One area where Reagan can have instant impact is hiring and firing. There are thousands of upper-level bureaucrats, with day-to-day impact on policy, who hold their jobs at the pleasure of the White House. Reagan must not hesitate to clean house. (Richard Nixon failed to do so, with disastrous consequences; "for a month or so," one lonely Nixon aide said at the time, "the bureaucrats were scared to death. Then when nothing happened, they went ahead with business as usual. After a while, they had so much contempt for us they didn't even bother to return our calls.")

3. *Foreign policy.* Again, clarity first. America is no longer the strongest nation on earth. Reagan must admit the fact, announce his intention to change it, and ask our allies to start helping with the bills. There is no reason, for instance, why American bases in the Indian Ocean should not be built with Saudi contributions. Meanwhile, a foreign policy with restricted military options need not be a passive foreign policy. Reagan can give the Soviets immediate headaches, for example, by establishing exile governments—for, e.g., Cuba and other prisoner nations.

A strong program like this, implicit in Reagan's campaign speeches and clearly presented after his election, will do nicely for an opener, and leave enough for the encores.

The Primaries: Two Cheers

Yes indeed, the presidential primary system as it has evolved is long, often ridiculous in its daily details, often boring, and apparently irrational. Not at all surprisingly, therefore, calls go up for "reform." Wouldn't regional primaries, maybe even a single national primary, be neater, cheaper, less wearying?

No doubt. But the present primary system does accomplish a variety of useful things. It presents the candidates with a succession of political problems of different kinds. Winning in Iowa poses a different problem from winning in New Hampshire or New York. It is useful to know whether a candidate can solve those problems or not. Conducting a national campaign over an extended period of time severely tests a candidate's organizational skills and his physi-

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cal and mental endurance—not irrelevant attributes for a prospective President. The extended period, moreover, inevitably introduces elements of the unpredictable. Unforeseeable events test the candidates' ability to deal with that category, again not an irrelevant datum.

In Great Britain, a party leader emerges over an extended period of time within the party structure. A figure such as Margaret Thatcher had been observed closely by her colleagues under a whole range of different circumstances before she won the party leadership. In the United States, before the emergence of the present primary system, candidates were similarly known to a relatively small number of party leaders, who played a decisive role in conferring the nomination. They knew what they were getting.

The present primary system provides a kind of functional equivalent to the older structure. It allows the electorate to know the candidates, their strengths and weaknesses, much more effectively than some abbreviated scheme would do.

If we had had this year, for example, a single national primary, Senator Edward Kennedy's chances would have been much better. He could have limited his exposure and sailed into the single big primary on his image and his once-high poll standing. In a single or otherwise limited kind of primary system, the power of the media would of course be greatly magnified, the leverage of local interests and constituencies greatly diminished.

The present primary system is not a thing of aesthetic beauty, and it doesn't resemble either a political-science seminar or a meeting of Common Cause. It merely gets some very useful things done effectively.

What's to Be Done

"The Administration's national security policies are still based on the outdated strategies of the 1960s. Its defense programs are inadequate to support even those strategies. Its new budget proposals were in final form before the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and are recognized as having been designed to secure key Senate votes for ratification of SALT II. None of the proposed increases would be effected in 1980, and they would be inadequate to reverse the trends of the last decade toward U.S. military inferiority."

The quotation is from the Committee on the Present Danger in a paper summing up a study of what needs to be done to fill in the deficiencies. The price tag on recommended increases through fiscal year 1985 would be $250 billion, calculated in current Carter dollars. With the House of Representatives demonstrably reluctant about defense increases, and the Administration reneging on its January defense budget recommendations after having declared them inadequate during the interim, nobody expects early action in the direction indicated. The Committee on the Present Danger, however, enjoys a reputation for precision. Its report may therefore be an indication of the magnitude of effort needed not far down the road.

The Committee's recommendations cover an array of quick fixes to preserve the country's strategic nuclear retaliatory power and to restore fighting capability to U.S. naval and other general-purpose forces—plus an early start "at rebuilding and expanding U.S. forces to meet the challenges of the late 1980s and the 1990s." The catalogue of proposed conventional force additions includes five active Army divisions, nine active tactical airwings, ten tactical airlift squadrons, a doubling of strategic airlift capabilities, and 233 ships to create a 650-ship navy by 1990 ("the minimum necessary to provide a three-ocean Navy and a permanent Caribbean presence"). In the nuclear category, the Committee calls for adding two Trident submarines, one hundred B-1 bombers, three hundred Minuteman IV ICBMs in vertical launching silos, and an aggregate of 1,300 cruise missiles and tactical ballistic missiles. A renewal of registration? The Committee on the Present Danger sights that in the offing, also—along with sizable military pay increases to stanch the increasingly serious drain of talent and experience from the uniformed services.

Socializing Chrysler

To an alarming degree, the Federal Government has taken over the management of the Chrysler corporation. Administration officials have become involved in fundamental marketing decisions, such as whether the car-makers' new fuel-efficient cars should be produced with traditional options like air conditioning, tinted glass, and power brakes. The Treasury Department now has an Office of Chrysler Finance monitoring the company's cost structure and pricing policies, and a new agency, the Chrysler Loan Guarantee Board, has to approve all purchase contracts in excess of $10 million. "What the government has done," said Senator William Proxmire, "is acquire a car company, and now it is running it."

Chrysler officials find it ironic that Lee Iacocca, a marketing genius, is being told how to sell cars by government officials who have never earned (or lost) a buck in business. Chrysler seems destined to become a permanent ward of the state—the first socialized industrial concern in the U.S.

Earlier, when the loan guarantees were being discussed for the first time, we said that a case could be made for them because a large part of the company's

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financial problems had been brought on by Washington. The company's resources were depleted in efforts to meet an array of federally mandated emission, safety, and fuel-economy standards. At the same time we warned that if congressional conservatives did not play a role in arranging the bailout, the federal bailers would use it to engineer a public takeover of the company. Pro-business conservatives may have helped save the firm, but they didn't save its independence.

Rumor has it that the Feds have Ford in trouble too. Some people are beginning to wonder what premiums General Motors will have to pay for its capital when it is the only automaker whose loans are not backed up by federal guarantees. Even the *New York Times*, in a May 27 editorial, has expressed concern that the expensive regulations it helped to push are destroying the American automobile industry. And the *Wall Street Journal* argues that Washington has been destroying major American industries at the rate of one a decade: steel in the Sixties, autos in the Seventies, and energy in the Eighties.

No Applause, Please

To begin with the precipitating circumstance: a black man was evidently beaten to death by a group of white policemen. Their story fell apart, they were suspended from the force, they were tried, they were acquitted. Blacks demonstrated in protest; the protest turned into a truly ugly riot, with innocent whites mutilated and murdered.

Racial tension in Miami didn't begin with the killing of Arthur McDuffie. The full story is, of course, long and complex, and includes the enormous influx of Cuban refugees. What has not been complex is the automatic media response to the rioting.

Not only commentary but reportage has been shaped by the perception that the rioters were somehow engaged in a cognitive and/or communicative activity. "What they tried to do in Miami, to the extent the riot had any coherent purpose at all, was to seize the nation's attention to [sic] their grievances." Thus *Newsweek*. They're not just burning and looting and killing, you see; they're *trying to tell us something*.

It seems an extreme application of the adage that the squeaky wheel gets the grease. But the moral was not lost on the nation's mayors, each of whom seemed wistfully envious as he warned that his own city had all the wherewithal to stage such another riot, as if he were putting in a kind of bid on future action.

Need we say that McDuffie's death, besides being horrible, appears to have been followed by a miscarriage of justice? Yet the criminal justice system, with its prejudice in favor of the accused (a prejudice lately beefed up by all sorts of Warren-era safeguards), is in a sense *designed* to produce injustice in cases where guilt, though real, can't be positively proved. Whites don't riot every time a black killer is sprung by the courts.

And be it noted that relatively few blacks rioted in Miami. Most didn't. Those who felt the injustice most keenly were probably not among those who cut out a white boy's tongue. To treat the violent as virtual spokesmen for blacks generally is to reward violence, to punish acquiescence in the legal process, and to insult black Americans.

Wound in the Heart

What the Soviets wanted out of the 1980 Moscow Olympics was, fundamentally, legitimacy. No Soviet leader has ever won a legitimate election; the entire Soviet empire rests on pure force; within the Soviet Union and throughout the empire, the prisoners constantly rattle their bars. In Afghanistan, it's normal to kill a Russian for breakfast.

The 1980 Moscow Olympics, accordingly, were planned as a monstrous celebration, a legitimizing celebration, of the Soviet state. The entire budget for new construction in Moscow has for several years been devoted to building Olympic facilities. Elaborate plans were laid for global TV coverage.

Forget it. With whatever degree of consciousness, President Carter has wrecked the 1980 Moscow Olym-

"Now Ed, I said, 'The polls be damned,' not 'The Poles be damned.'"

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pics as a symbolic and legitimizing event. Oh yes, people will be running around the track and throwing things on the field at Lenin Stadium. It does not matter. It does not matter that the French and Spanish will participate. It does not even matter that the Japanese and the West Germans will not, or that the British will half-participate. The fact that the United States will boycott the games is in itself definitive. That boycott will send a shock through the entire Soviet system. The medals won't matter. There will be no NBC-TV coverage. Advertisers have pulled out. Olympic T-shirts, Misha the bear, forget it. The games are now a minor sporting event. And, from the perspective of Moscow, a negative political event.

Then and Now

It's the winter of 1938, and young Harriet Jackson is on top of the world. She had learned to ski as a girl in Rhode Island on the long unwieldy wooden skis of the time and did so well that she now finds herself on the American women's ski team in Europe and in line for the 1940 Olympics. She and her teammates are working out in St. Anton am Arlberg after competing in the FIS World Championships in Engleberg, Switzerland. Harriet is staying at the home of Hannes Schneider, a fabled skier, originator of the Arlberg technique, and an impresario of the Arlberg-Kandahar races, which are second in prestige only to the World Competition. The A-K races are held on alternate years in St. Anton, Austria and in Mürren, Switzerland—home of the Kandahar Ski Club and of Arnold Lunn, who originated the slalom and who is the motivating spirit behind international skiing competition.

"It's a glorious day," Harriet Jackson reminisces. "We are high on the slopes above the village. Suddenly the silence is broken by the roar of hundreds of planes overhead, and the sun is almost darkened as the Luftwaffe flies over. This display—I didn't realize it then—is the beginning of the end of peace in Europe.

"That evening Hitler's troops and armored battalions goose-step down the main street of Arlberg village, arms outstretched in the Hitler salute, shouting 'Heil!' Some of the villagers declare themselves for Hitler, don hidden uniforms, and join the parade. When I get back to my room in Hannes Schneider's house, I find it under Nazi guard. Hannes has been thrown in jail along with other villagers who are suspected of being anti-Nazi."

What happened next? "Almost immediately the president of the Arlberg Ski Club received a letter from Arnold Lunn, president of the Kandahar Ski Club, announcing that his club had decided the Arlberg-Kandahar races would not be held that year."

The Swiss and French teams are thereupon instructed by their associations not to compete with the Germans or Austrians—on the ground that the prestige of the race would be irreparably damaged if it were held while Schneider was still in jail. No pressure is put on the American and British teams, but they spontaneously join the boycott. They won't race while Schneider is in jail; a position that evolved into: They won't race, period, while storm troopers occupy Austria. And so ends Harriet Jackson's promising career as an international skier.

Harriet Jackson—she's Harriet Phelps now—retains a few mementos of those days: a stiff knee from a racing injury which these days gets seriously in the way of her pursuit of the wily quail; a silver swastika she collected from a young Nazi that night; and a continuing sense of pride that she was one of the British and American skiers who on that winter day in Arlberg said no to Adolf Hitler. Something her elders hadn't done at the Berlin Olympics in 1936 and wouldn't do a year later at Munich.

Senator Jackson, Explained

See how progressives cluster
  When Jackson tiptoes by.
He's given up on bluster
  And spitting in their eye.
They fancy he's defecting;
  He soothes a nagging doubt,
But Jackson's just reflecting
  Our shocking lack of clout.

W. H. von Dreele

ERA, Oops

Until now, advocates of the Equal Rights Amendment have managed to keep for their cause a certain halo of "idealism." Standing for the high cause of Equality under the Law, they have been excused for certain cavalier acts toward the law and the Constitution they have sought to improve on. Stretching the ratification deadline, while banning rescission votes, was at least a gesture of contempt for the notion that the Constitution ought to embody a real consensus about the fundamental law of the land. The boycott of non-ratifying states, while defensible, would have been attacked by the usual ideologues of economic democracy had it been attempted by Exxon.

Now comes news that a representative of the National Organization for Women has been sending Illinois legislators NOW business cards bearing handwritten offers of $1,000 campaign donations *in return for pro-ERA votes*. Several recipients have blown the

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whistle, and the FBI is investigating. One result: ERA has been politically crippled, and may not recover in time for the present deadline. Further extension, under the circumstances, seems unlikely. Indeed, an extension could be considered entrapment.

Trouble in Korea

It is well to put South Korea's current turmoil in perspective. The country came into modernity and independence under brutal circumstances. Koreans as a people had been notably lacking in talents and experience pertaining to organization. A half-century of forcible subordination to Japan had strictly limited opportunities for expressing responsibility. Liberation from Japan, partition, and then the Soviet-abetted attack by North Korea upon South Korea followed in short order. The massiveness of the U.S.-UN defense of the position should not obscure recognition of the enormous scope of the military effort forced upon South Korea itself. From being virtually a military nullity, that country was propelled into the necessity of forming a relatively enormous military establishment and developing the structures and outlooks of military command. Through three years of active and three decades of latent hostilities, a large and modernized army has functioned as the paramount fact in South Korea's national existence.

That history constitutes the *given* of the South Koreans' current circumstance. It is the reality with which they, and we, must work. South Korea remains of enormous strategic importance both to Japan and to the United States. Admonitions to Seoul about restraint are certainly in order; but the United States also has an opportunity to demonstrate that it has learned something from its over-anxious dissociation from the Shah of Iran.

James A. Epperson, R I P

Jim Epperson was an extraordinary human being. A professor of English at Dartmouth and a Renaissance scholar, he did not have a spectacular public career. Nevertheless, he was, like the heroes of one of his favorite writers, James Gould Cozzens, one of the men who make essential institutions work.

At his death, he left unfinished a major book on seventeenth century historiography, potentially a great contribution to the understanding of our past. Quite possibly, even in unfinished form it can make that contribution. Yet Epperson, in his quiet way, was learned beyond his field. For example, his knowledge of the modern novel in even its most esoteric forms was a constant resource to his colleagues.

In recent years, one of Professor Epperson's major projects was to correct the critical neglect accorded James Gould Cozzens, one of the great novelists of our time. Epperson wrote on Cozzens in *NR* and elsewhere. Thanks in part to his efforts, Cozzens was tardily offered honorary degrees. Epperson also strove to correct the incivilities sometimes exhibited by Dartmouth fraternities; he was a reformer without being a scold.

In his earlier years, Jim Epperson was a skier of Olympic caliber. He remarked last year that what he really enjoyed were long, fast, carved turns—the experience of freedom.

Jim Epperson, with his luminous common sense, possessed qualities without which civilization could not endure. For those who knew him, he leaves a gap which cannot be filled. He died suddenly while riding his bike on May 23. He was forty-nine. —J. HART

Notes & Asides

■ May 19, 1980

Miss Virginia B. Smith
President
Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, New York

Dear Miss Smith:

On March 20 you sent me a telegram the first sentence of which read, "The Class of 1980 at Vassar College invites you to speak at their graduation on the morning of Sunday, May 25, 1980."

On March 24, acknowledging my acceptance, you began your letter, "I am delighted that you have agreed to be our Commencement speaker. I shall inform the president of the senior class when the students return from spring vacation today, and I know that the class will be pleased and excited."

On April 24, someone from your office called my secretary to ask if I might make a special pre-Commencement appearance at Vassar—to "answer a few questions some of the students have raised." I asked to be informed about the character of those questions. On April 30 I received your letter, beginning with the sentence, "Spring at Vassar is traditionally lively," and enclosing four issues of the Vassar student newspaper, revealing among other things that 53 per cent of the class now opposed the invitation. Having read those issues, on May 2 I telephoned you with a proposal I deemed appropriate. You replied that you

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thought my idea useful, would consult with your colleagues, and would get back to me on May 6.

However, I did not hear from you again until May 14, when you left word with my office (I was traveling) where I could reach you on May 15. You discussed my proposal, the reasons you now thought it inadvisable, and once again reconfirmed the invitation. I advised you that I would reflect, over the weekend, on the whole matter, and communicate with you on Monday. This I am now doing.

I decline the invitation to participate in Vassar's Commencement exercises.

You stressed the point, in your open letter to the student body of April 21, that you had invited me pursuant to established procedures for selecting a Commencement speaker. I do not doubt that you did, but there is no gainsaying, notwithstanding that your invitation was issued in the name of the senior class, that a numerical majority of that same class have recorded their opposition to my speaking at Commencement.

Moreover, I tend to agree that Commencement speakers are an integral part of a ceremony, broadly viewed; and although Commencement speakers cannot reasonably be expected to incarnate the institution at which they speak (unless they are Douglas MacArthur, addressing West Point), their physical presence should not ordinarily be offensive to the majority of the graduating class: indeed, it is for this reason that most colleges consult the senior class on the matter of a Commencement speaker.

The majority of the senior class of Vassar does not desire my company, and I must confess, having read specimens of their thought and sentiments, that I do not desire the company of the majority of the senior class of Vassar. Really, they appear to be a fearfully ill-instructed body, to judge from the dismayingly uninformed opinions expressed in their newspaper, which opinions reflect an academic and cultural training very nearly unique—at least, in my experience. I have spoken, I suppose, at five hundred colleges and universities in the past thirty years, and nowhere have I encountered that blend of ferocious illiteracy achieved by the young men and women of Vassar who say they speak for the majority of the graduating class and, to some extent, say so plausibly by adducing the signatures of the majority of that class in their recall petition. One professor of English writes to the newspaper, "It was Buckley who offered pridefully in those days the caste of mind and insinuating attitudes toward academic which intellectually veneered the crudities of Joe McCarthy, and in so doing, fueled 'McCarthyism' at its most virulent pitch with respect to the academic community." That the man who composed that sentence should be teaching English at Vassar rather than studying it suggests that Vassar has much, much deeper problems than coming up with a suitable Commencement speaker.

I thank you for your kindnesses, and apologize for the inconvenience for which, however, I think you will agree I am not wholly to blame.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Bierman, *Victoria Times* Rothco

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla
Re: Missing issues Jan. 5, Jan. 19, Feb. 16, 1979; *Bulletin*, May 4, 1979

Our readers, God bless them, don't read very carefully. We asked those who had the above-mentioned issues if they would send them to us collect for our Bound Volumes. And in they have come, by the dozen, many of them by first-class mail, almost all at the readers' expense. *We're still short*, but in much better shape than we were a fortnight ago.

■ Dear Wm—

. . . on another matter, I wonder if *NR* shouldn't take notice of a book I have thought well enough of to give to my sons. It's René Wormser's *Conservatively Speaking* (Mendham, N.J.: Wayne Dorland Company, 1979; 314 pp. plus index). The book doesn't set out to blaze new trails or offer fresh solutions, but it does offer a robust and well-documented critique of the policies that have brought our country to its current confusions in affairs both foreign and domestic. Not an ornithological *Urtext*, but a birdwatcher's field manual. Good for starters, among new students of American political pathology. You might ask Chilton . . .

Fondly,
Bill [Rickenbacker]

Bill: *NR*'s policy (since 1955) forbids formally reviewing books published under a private label. You are a splendid fellow and a splendid loopholer. Bill
—WFB

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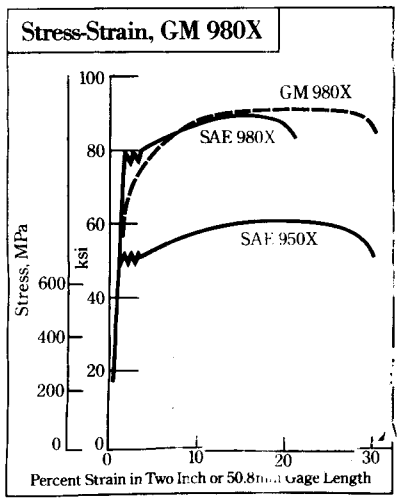
The Ductility Factor

The use of high strength, low alloy steel has been severely limited, due to its low ductility. Now, a simple heat treating and controlled cooling process, developed at the General Motors Research Laboratories, has successfully enhanced formability properties without sacrificing strength.



A comparison of the stress-strain behavior of GM 980X, SAE 980X, and SAE 950X steels. GM 980X offers greater ductility at the same strength as SAE 980X, and greater strength at the same ductility as SAE 950X.

Scanning electron microscope micrograph of dual phase steel at a magnification of 2,000. The matrix (background) is ferrite; the second phase is martensite.

FOR SOME TIME, automotive engineers and designers have been faced with the challenge of building cars light enough to get good gas mileage, but still roomy enough to comfortably transport four or five passengers. One technique which has proved fruitful is materials substitution.

Lighter materials, such as aluminum alloys and plastics and high strength, low alloy steels (HSLA) are being phased into new vehicle designs to replace certain plain carbon steel components. Each, though, has displayed inherent problems which limit its utilization.

Unlike plastics and aluminum, however, HSLA steels have the same density as plain carbon steel. Weight reduction is achieved because thinner sections (less volume) can be used to carry the same load. Since the formability (ductility) of most high strength steels is poor, though, it has only been possible to form simple shapes from it. This has severely limited the widespread use of HSLA steels (such as SAE 980X) for auto components. New hope for the increased utilization of HSLA steel has arisen, however, with the development of a new dual-phase steel, GM 980X, at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

General Motors is not in the steel business, and GM 980X is not a brand of steel. GM 980X is the designation for a type of steel displaying mechanical properties similar to those of the samples first formulated at the General Motors Research Laboratories. "GM" in the designation indicates that the steel is a variation of the conventional SAE 980X grade. In the standard SAE system for material identification, "9" designates that the steel is HSLA. "80" is the nominal yield strength of the metal in thousands of pounds per square inch. The "X" denotes a micro-alloyed steel—one containing on the order of 0.1% of other metals such as vanadium, columbium, titanium, or zirconium as a strengthening agent.

GM 980X displays the same strength, after strain hardening, as SAE 980X steel, but has far more ductility. This characteristic allows it to be formed into various complex shapes which were previously thought to be impossible with HSLA steels. The superior formability of GM 980X has substantially increased the utilization of HSLA steel in the manufacturing of automotive components such as wheel discs and rims, bumper face bars and reinforcements, control arms, and steering coupling reinforcements.

Dr. M.S. Rashid, discoverer of

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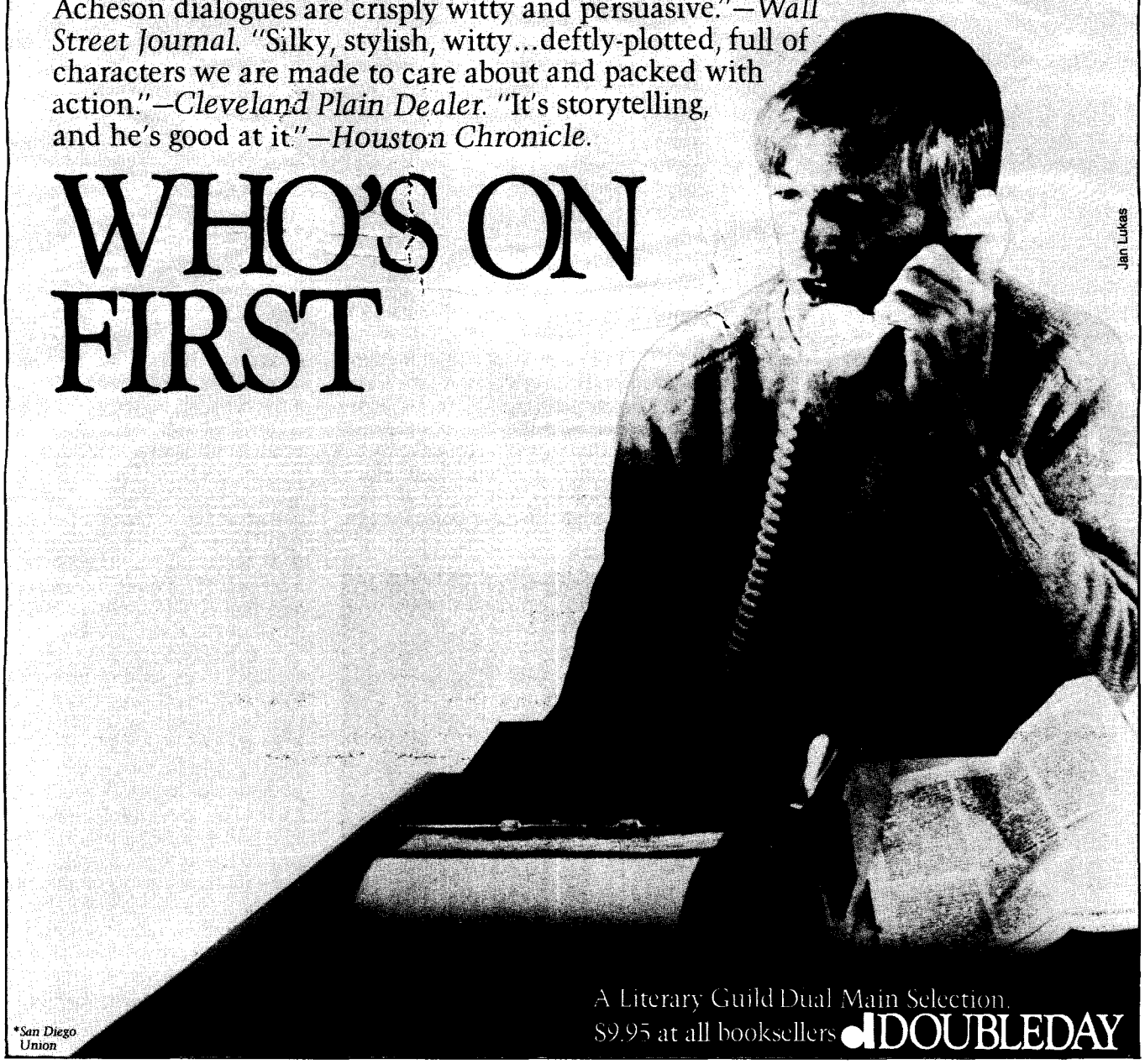
William F. Buckley, Jr.

His "literate, witty and highly readable thriller"* is a long-term smash hit!

"It's 1957, and Blackford Oakes, Mr. Buckley's dashing CIA agent, becomes involved in American efforts to prevent the Soviets from launching Sputnik...An entertaining blend of wit, derring-do, and sex."—*Detroit Free Press.* "Remarkable...I had a delightful time. Let's hear more from Blackford Oakes."—*Newsday.* "As in the two earlier Oakes books, *Saving the Queen* and *Stained Glass,* Buckley exhibits his great skill at creating verisimilitude...His Allen Dulles–Dean Acheson dialogues are crisply witty and persuasive."—*Wall Street Journal.* "Silky, stylish, witty...deftly-plotted, full of characters we are made to care about and packed with action."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.* "It's storytelling, and he's good at it."—*Houston Chronicle.*

WHO'S ON FIRST



Jan Lukas

*San Diego Union

A Literary Guild Dual Main Selection.
$9.95 at all booksellers DOUBLEDAY

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the technique to make GM 980X steel, comments, "I was working on another project using HSLA steel, when I noticed that if SAE 980X steel is heated above its eutectoid temperature (the temperature at which the crystalline structure of metal is transformed) for a few minutes, and cooled under controlled conditions, the steel developed significantly higher ductility and strain-hardening characteristics, with no reduction in tensile strength."

FURTHER experiments proved that the key variables to make GM 980X are steel chemistry, heating time and temperature, and the rate at which the steel is cooled. Specimens of SAE 980X were heated in a neutral salt bath, then cooled to room temperature with cooling rates ranging from 5° to 14°C/sec. (9° to 26°F/sec.). Dr. Rashid notes, "We found that the maximum total elongation resulted when the cooling rate was 9°C/sec. (16°F), and the lowest total elongation resulted from the highest cooling rate (14°C or 26°F/sec.)."

GM 980X steel has a high strain-hardening coefficient or n value, accompanied by a large total elongation. The n value gives a measure of the ability of the metal to distribute strain. The higher the n value, the more uniform the strain distribution and the greater the resistance of the metal to necking (localized hour-glass-shaped thinning that stretched metals display just prior to breaking). Tests have proved that GM 980X distributes strain more uniformly than SAE 980X, has a greater resistance to necking, and thus has far superior formability.

"The superior formability of GM 980X compared to SAE 980X steel appears to depend on the nature of two microstructural constituents, a ferrite matrix (the principal microstructural component) with a very high strain-hardening coefficient, and a deformable martensite (the other crystalline structure) phase. In the SAE 980X, failure occurs after the ferrite becomes highly strained, but when the GM 980X ferrite is highly strained, strain is apparently transferred to the martensite phase, and it also deforms.

"Therefore, voids leading to failure do not form until after more extensive deformation has occurred and the martensite phase is also highly strained. Obviously, the exact nature of these constituents must be important, and any variations in the nature of these constituents could influence formability. This is the subject of ongoing research."

Dr. Rashid's discovery represents a significant breakthrough in the area of steel development. His findings have opened the door to a new class of materials and have completely disproved the commonly held belief that high strength steel is not a practical material for extensive automotive application. "At GM, we've done what was previously thought to be impossible," says Dr. Rashid, "and now we're hard at work to find an even stronger and more ductile steel to meet the needs of the future."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

M.S. Rashid is a Senior Research Engineer in the Metallurgy Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories. He was born in the city of Vellore in Tamil Nadu (Madras), India, and attended the College of Engineering at the University of Madras–Guindy. He came to the United States in 1963 and was awarded a Ph.D. in Metallurgical Engineering from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign in 1969.

After a three year Post-Doctoral Fellowship at Iowa State University, he joined the staff of the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Rashid is continuing his investigations into the development of even more ductile high strength, low alloy steels. When not in the lab, he enjoys relaxing by playing tennis and racquetball with his wife, Kulsum.

GM General Motors
People building transportation to serve people

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The Current WISDOM

Keeping The Faith

NEAL B. FREEMAN

THE GREAT MAN holds these dinners once each month, on Fridays at eight o'clock. Punctuality is appreciated. Latecomers are admitted, of course, there being no civilized way to deny them, but the regulation-issue libation, a weak highball, must be sacrificed to the demands of the schedule. At 8:45 the company moves briskly to the dining room and, under the firm hand of the hostess, arranges itself in the prescribed pattern around the brilliantly polished table. There are 24 of us, as always.

The great man makes a few remarks before we turn to the exquisite meal. In recent months these remarks of his have tended to be highly autobiographical. Everything seems to remind him of something else; seemingly unrelated events and personalities are cobwebbed with recollections of the Thirties and the Fifties, and especially of the Forties. These are dangerous times for America, he says in so many words, employing the elegant circumlocution where a flat-out cliché would do just as nicely. His remarks are compellingly interesting, not so much for their intrinsic cogency as for their barometric significance. The great man has served at the elbow of three Presidents. He has lived through dangerous times and not-so-dangerous times and he knows the difference.

His remarks concluded, and a respectful pause observed, we fall to the meal with a gusto quite inappropriate to the surroundings. All of us are at least thirty years the great man's junior and, in the manner of workaholic Washingtonians, we have not seen a morsel of food since the ham sandwich at noon. Most of the wives work, too, and they have had nothing since breakfast but a gallon of coffee. The table talk is perfunctory; waiters hover nearby awaiting the great man's signal to clear the table.

With the arrival of coffee and cigars, the great man resumes his remarks. Within the space of three syllables, the table's attention is undivided. His tone suggests that tonight's conversation will depart from custom. He is not so much interested in our views—keeping his mind open to the opinions of young people has become almost an obsession in late years—as he is interested in our actions. He wants to know what we have done for our country, what investment we have made in the American enterprise. He wants to know if the conduct of our lives can be said to be in conformity with the conclusions of our analysis. Specifically, he wants to know what each of us has accomplished over the last year of which we are truly proud. There is more than curiosity in his question. Accusation lurks close by.

Let's Start with You

Twenty-two pairs of eyes study the grain of the tabletop. A rare tabletop it is. But the great man is not about to lighten the burden of his question. "Let's start with you, Peter," he says, pointing a cigar at a 36-year-old government official. Groping for a handhold, Peter stumbles off into a lengthy recitation of how he has reorganized his agency to ensure faster response to congressional inquiries. The new procedures he has installed will make it possible for cases to be identified, extracted from file, and reviewed within eight days, whereas under his predecessor the normal case cycle would run to two weeks and more. He searches the great man's face for benign response and, finding none, accelerates the pace of his narrative to the very edge of the sound barrier: we are sitting barely ten feet from the poor man and we cannot understand a single word he is saying.

And so it goes around the table.

Jennifer is going to law school. This year has been her Turning Point. Day-care centers are wonderful.

Chuck, an attorney, has won a case against a Major Corporation for his regulatory agency.

Arlene, on the basis of important research, has secured a grant from the National Institutes of Health to study plant life in Southwest Asia. Arlene's voice is quavering so badly it's almost a yodel.

In Touch

William, a graduate of special courses, has gotten in touch with his feelings and has become a better person. He knows that sounds silly, but he now feels capable of realizing his full potential, which is much greater than he had suspected.

Topsy is working for the hottest shop in town, the EEOC, and is on the verge of "busting things open" for women in all forms of governmental employment.

John has just landed his own radio talk show on one of the best stations in town. With his column and lecture deals, he is "putting it all together."

Millie has finally learned the most important thing in life, which is that she is a competent human being. She is leaving home to work for the head of a think tank in the area. It's the beginning of her "second life."

As the conversational ball rolls inexorably to our place, we glance at the door. Alas, the messenger from the Nobel Committee fails to burst through in time. We are on our own. In what has become a heavy and unpleasant atmosphere, we attempt a high-risk levity. We inform the great man that we are most proud of coaching the Screaming Eagles from last place to first in the Vienna, Virginia Boys Soccer League. Silence, then a ripple of strained but grateful laughter, followed a beat later by a modest chuckle from the head of the table. Given time and a second brandy, he just may forgive us. He seems to have the answer he has been looking for. Now he can stop scolding and get back to the lesson at hand. □

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(Last time at this price!)

As you probably know . . .

. . . Bill Buckley has just published the latest in his series of spy thrillers (*Who's on First*, selling now in bookstores nationwide). It continues the international adventures of Blackford Oakes, a dashing ex-Yale CIA agent — it's the third Buckley novel so far. The first (*Saving the Queen*) is only available in the paperback reprint edition, but *we* have a number of copies of the *second* one, *Stained Glass*, in the original hardcover edition (retail price $8.95).

If you have not yet read any of these best-selling books, we can offer you the opportunity to get a *free* and postpaid copy of *Stained Glass* if you will do us the favor of subscribing now (or renewing your current subscription) for a full year (26 issues) at no more than the current $21 rate. You not only get this $8.95 hardcover book free, but you also protect yourself against any possible price increases.

Of course what we expect you will do is read and enjoy *Stained Glass* — then run right out and buy the latest one as well! But whatever you do, don't miss this opportunity to get one of the original Buckley novels *free.*

Stained Glass is a perfect example of *why* these novels have won such critical acclaim. Sure, they're in the thriller *genre*, but only Bill Buckley would dare add all the other elements — marvelous stuff you won't find in anybody else's novels, you can be sure. This one takes place some seven years after World War II (round about when Buckley himself was in the CIA . . .), and has plenty of action and a plot that will keep you guessing right up to the final pages. More, it really *does* involve *Stained Glass* — and what you learn will illuminate that fascinating art as do the windows themselves (i.e., you'll see it all from the inside).

Again, don't miss this opportunity to get this famous thriller *free.* Just use the card facing this page right now.

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Military Matters

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THIS IS A good time for a further look at the role of military men in politics. I was brought up on the liberal assumption that it is necessarily bad; but, like Aesop's tongues, the man on the white horse may be either good or bad, depending on the man or men seizing or attaining power, and how they exercise it once they have it. Since it is impossible to escape the principle of relativity in political ethics, it is worth considering whether the rule of the soldier is better or worse than that which preceded it or may follow it.

Right now, for instance, if a military strongman deprived the Ayatollah and the other Mullahs of their presumption of transmitting the word of God in a theocratic state, most people would be relieved.

Among the spectacles emergent Africa has afforded the world in recent years, none has been more striking than the newest fashion of rule by NCOs. In Oubangui-Chari (better known as Central Africa) a jumped-up French army sergeant called Bokassa became president of the Central African Republic. Generous with bribes (not least, diamonds) and rich with rewards from a grateful ex-metropolis, Bokassa allowed himself to be crowned, Napoleon-style, with all the imperial pomp and ritual he could possibly have wished for, until a disillusioned ex-metropolitan power, having noticed that his excesses were more than public opinion could tolerate, unceremoniously (but very skillfully) ended his short and sanguinary reign.

In Uganda, a jacked-up sergeant-major and army boxing champion named Idi Amin did pretty well in the blood stakes until a neighboring dictator of a more conventional type could stand it no longer and sent in his army in the least-criticized invasion of recent times.

In Ghana, and now in Liberia, the NCOs struck again, in both cases having a rare old time with executions of outgoing tyrants.

Is Robert Mugabe, for that matter, a civilian or a military leader? After all, he won power in a democratic process of a kind, but would certainly not have been in a position to run for election if he had not led an army of a kind in guerrilla war—which, after all, was just what Josip Broz did, emerging in the end in the resplendent and much bemedaled uniform of Marshal Tito.

A Surprised Kremlin

Until quite recently, Soviet ideologists regarded the military in politics as bad news. They still do, but far more selectively than before. The advent of a leftist anti-Yanqui military government in Peru a decade ago caused the Kremlin's ideologists to do some fast and furious rethinking of their position. Boris Ponomarev of the International Department (the refurbished Comintern) got all worked up about it. The penetration of the armed forces became a new technique for the revolutionary seizure of power, along with those techniques popularized by Lenin in 1917.

This brings us naturally to the Iberian peninsula, which really deserves more attention than it has attracted latterly on the part of those concerned with international security. Portugal's interminable colonial wars were bound to imperil the post-Salazar regime. For when a small and poor country is forced to spend more than half of what it earns in quelling distant rebellions, and the rebellions go on anyway, trouble looms.

The Portuguese Armed Forces Movement was not strictly speaking a Communist organization, but the Communists were certainly well represented in it. Alvaro Cunhal, leader of the Portuguese Communist Party—the most unconditional of the Moscow-line parties—kept his Kremlin masters well informed, and when Dr. Caetano was toppled in April 1974, Moscow's men in Lisbon had reason to believe they were in a very good position.

Indeed, for a while, an undeclared Communist, General Vasco Gonçalves, was actually Portugal's prime minister. Fortunately for his country and the West, the Communists overplayed their hand in November 1975, and their attempt to seize power misfired.

Today, however, although Portugal has at least in part a conservative government under Francisco Sá Carneiro, it would be a mistake to suppose that it is fully cured of the Marxist infection which raged there only a few years ago.

In Spain, now, trouble of the Portuguese kind is brewing in the shadows, apart from the troubles clearly visible to the naked eye. I cannot help wondering how much happier Spaniards really are today, with the soaring crime rate, mounting insecurity in the streets, raging inflation, pornography, and other blessings of democracy, than, say, between 1957 and 1968, when the market economy introduced by Franco was bringing its predictable yield of affluence, when the streets were still safe, and before the terrorism of the dictator's last years had got out of hand.

The collective state of mind of the Spanish armed forces is a recurring subject of conversation on the cocktail rounds in Madrid. The outside world may think of the Spanish army as a bulwark of the traditional martial virtues, including order and patriotism, but this image is decidedly blurred round the edges. To be sure, the Spanish armed forces still have a good number of ultra-Catholic and ultra-patriotic officers. But next to them, and slightly lower down in the hierarchy, are officers of another cast of mind.

Eyes Left!

Back in 1975, some of them, having formed a conspiratorial Democratic Military Union, contacted like-minded Portuguese, distributed clandestine leaflets, and were jailed for their presumption. The trouble is that their organization, though banned, still exists.

Some sympathizers with the "progressive" views of the jailed men are now in positions of influence in Spanish political and military life. To those familiar with the Spanish Civil War, there is a disquieting *déjà-vu* about the emergence of ideological factions in the army today. After all, it was the existence of the rival UME (right-wing) and UMR (left-wing) more than forty years ago that made the civil war possible—in that it takes two to make a fight. □

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Best wishes,

M. Stanton Evans
Publisher

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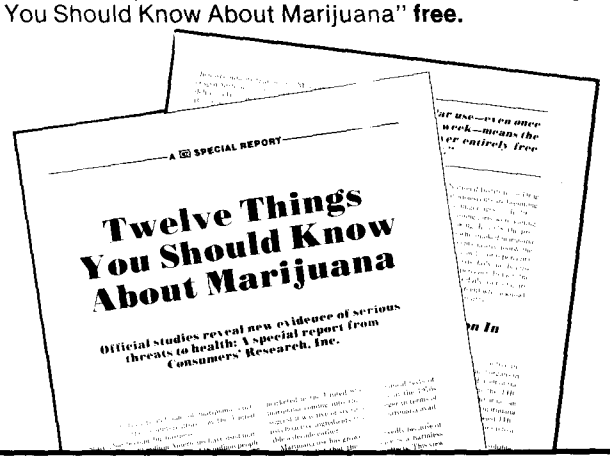
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KARL GRUBER

The Dollar as Victim of *Detente*

ABOUT A DOZEN years ago, a German industrialist asked my advice on how to shelter a considerable amount of money in the United States or Canada. I warned him that he would have to content himself with a rather low return on his money. Being far away, he would not be in a position to take advantage of movements of the markets.

His answer was very straightforward. "My dear friend," he said, "profit is not the purpose of the exercise. What I want is security for my money in case there is war or some other kind of major disturbance in Europe." This, he said, was the concern of many of his colleagues in Germany as well. Everyone wanted to have something outside the reach of any Communist dictatorship which might take all their possessions from them and make them not only refugees but absolute paupers.

I believe this anxiety over sheer economic survival is something that is deeply ingrained in Western Europeans who have any kind of patrimony or accumulation of assets to defend—they have seen too many rapid changes, too many sudden reversals of alliances, too many unexpected takeovers, even in countries that seemed solid and powerful.

During all the years since World War II, up until fairly recently, people in Europe still feared some kind of conflagration between East and West on that continent. For them, in such a situation, the dollar could do no wrong. Even if they lost a little on their investments, they still held on to their dollar holdings. Now all this has changed. Why? I will suggest one answer.

Detente has gradually let the dreaded shadow of war fade away. There were good reasons, at one time, to think that sooner or later a clash between East and West would become inevitable. The basic belief was that the powerful United States could not remain a bystander when an aggressive, militant Communism made its next move.

Mr. Gruber, a former Foreign Minister of Austria, has served as the Austrian Ambassador to the United States, as well as the Austrian Ambassador to Switzerland and Spain. He now lives in Vienna.

However, the war in Vietnam shattered this line of thinking. When a nation sacrifices so much money and so many men, the argument went, and then turns over the contested area to its enemy, we must conclude that that nation would also fail to react forcefully in the face of challenges in other parts of the world. Thus, many Europeans came to the conclusion that the general staff of militant Communism would spare Europe for the time being, lulling it into a false sense of security while concentrating on all the outlying areas on other continents and seeking to place them firmly in militant leftist (though not necessarily Communist) hands. In this view, the USSR would from now on avoid any *major* war, for two reasons: first, because the men in the Kremlin could not, for a long time to come, be sure that they could win it; and, second, because such a war would be supererogatory if they were able to attain their ends by other means, getting all the booty at less risk and cost to themselves.

Thus the militant wing of the East wages political war on a secondary level. It no longer seeks outright annexation but only the installation of a party dictatorship dependent on the centers of militant Communism. This is what happened in Vietnam—not because the West lacked the means to defeat the Communists but because its leadership, hampered by an uninformed public opinion, lacked the capacity for sustained effort. In the face of this new strategy, the West seems completely helpless.

From the European perspective, this all seems self-evident. A terrorist is never impressed by half-hearted countermeasures; quite the contrary, a terrorist who meets less than all-out resistance and wins is exhilarated and encouraged—far more than if he had won against no opposition at all. He comes to believe that he was able to face down the full might of the most powerful state in the world.

The Eastern Communist states are not officially involved in what is happening in the so-called Third World. As the militant centers feed the undergrounds, they cover their tracks so well that the Western observer can seldom come up with hard evidence of Communist infiltration—and his media representatives often aren't even looking for it.

In addition, the Eastern world has learned some sophisticated lessons. In the past, when a Third World country

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went Communist, that usually meant the cutting off of Western aid. Since it has proven very costly for the USSR to take over the support of its new client states, the Kremlin prefers the target country not to give up all Western aid and is, therefore, prepared to settle for a camouflaged regime which, without being completely controlled by the Communists, gives them sufficient advantages. Once such a regime's power has been consolidated with the help of the United States, it can declare itself more openly, or be taken more openly, and can then function (as Cuba has been doing) as a recruiting station for Red soldiers.

This successful Communist tactic not only has narrowed down the areas open to the West, but has prevented any change in Russia to a more moderate leadership. If fanaticism and radicalism pay so nicely, why should one give them up? There must be many officials and technicians at intermediate and perhaps even high levels in the Soviet Union who would prefer a real detente in all fields—but to argue against success is always difficult.

One sometimes runs across sanguine people who find solace in the fact that even the mighty Soviet Union has seen some areas slip from its net (as for instance Somalia). But this view seems to me shortsighted. Iran has recently shown what a high potential for subversion exists even in a relatively well-to-do nation which, to many outside observers, had appeared to be a solid pillar of strength.

Let us face the facts: when it tries to deal with the modern form of bush war, the West is like a blind, one-armed traveler who, by a grave mistake, has gotten lost in the jungle

Let us face the facts: when it tries to deal with the modern form of bush war, the West is like a blind, one-armed traveler who, by a grave mistake, has gotten lost in the jungle. Western governments have been unable to devise a common strategy to meet the modern forms of Communist subversion in the Third World. They have been unable to devise anything to counter the use of Cubans as an international Red Brigade. Moreover, it is hard to see how such a counterforce can be developed, given the need for legislation by a dozen parliaments.

The USSR has learned a tremendous amount in the last twenty years. Rarely today is there direct military support of so-called revolutionary forces. Even the official Communist Party in Third World countries usually stands aside. Instead, innumerable Red factions spring up with all kinds of titles and slogans. This new system has enormous advantages. Obviously all or most of these radical factions are supported and directed from abroad—but how to *prove* it? The USSR can thus disclaim responsibility for their actions, and the official Communist parties can claim to be respectable democratic forces. This enhances their standing in Western intellectual opinion, which, by and large, is badly served by a press that is reluctant to engage in "investigative journalism" when it comes to Communist subversion, preferring to bring out unpleasant facts about the victims of such subversion.

Certainly one cannot find support for a true reading of events by consulting official Communist statements—the Communists do not boast about the successes of their secret agents. On the contrary, their supporters are ordered to refrain, whenever possible, from identifying themselves—a tactic that also encourages the United States to continue to aid countries that have not been overtly taken over by Communists.

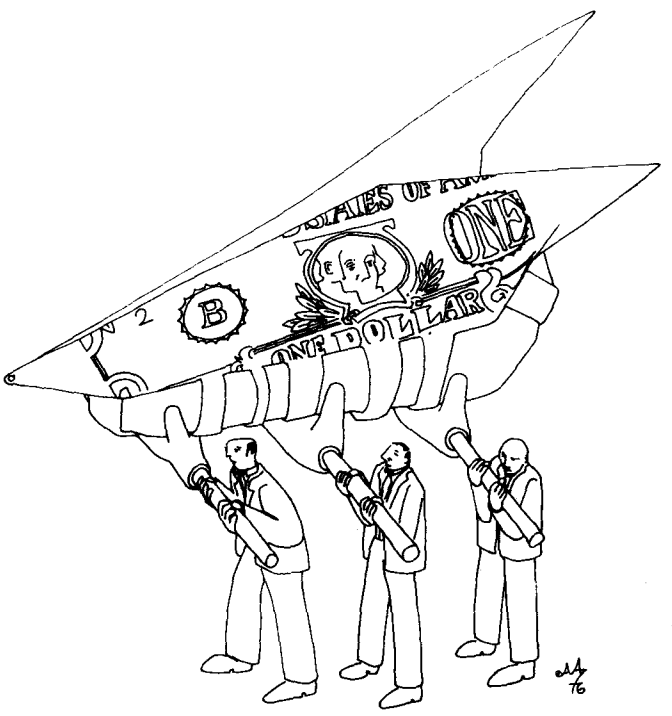
NOW, WHAT does all of this have to do with the status of the dollar on international exchanges?

First, as the danger of a shooting war in Europe fades away in the mind of the average Western European citizen, so does the desire to have currency holdings in the United States, which formerly was considered the only fortress which would not crumble in the face of war.

Second, the numbered Swiss bank account has become vastly more attractive than the ownership of American securities—not only because the Swiss franc enjoys so much confidence, but also because there are grave doubts as to whether American bankers would be able to keep political and financial secrets.

Third, the endless succession of news items in the American press about foreign bribery and influence-peddling has not only made Europeans laugh at the naïveté of Americans, it has also affected the decisions of large numbers of Europeans as to where it is wisest to invest.

Finally—and this brings us back to the politico-military



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factor—as the European public becomes convinced that the modern form of war, at least for the immediately foreseeable future, is subversive guerrilla war, it begins to assess the chances of future American success according to the record of past American performance in, for instance, Southeast Asia. The most important factor in resisting subversion is the steadfastness of an informed public opinion, and Europeans have come to doubt that American public opinion is either steadfast or well informed.

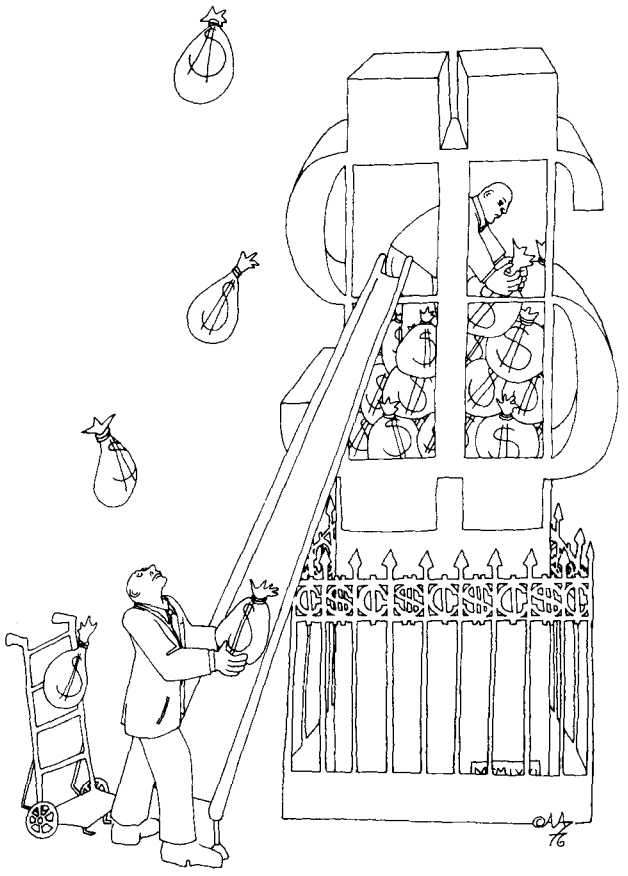
And this applies to subversion not only in Third World countries, but in the U.S. itself. Americans have become very trustful in this matter, which is all the more remarkable since a generation ago they were absolutely hysterical about it. Today they are apt to trust anyone who speaks with a civil tongue—only those who use inflammatory language do they believe to be radicals. Thus they are wide open to infiltration in their government bureaucracy, in their media, and, above all, in their institutions of higher learning. Europeans do not have the impression that the United States is vigilant about subversion within. This, of course, is yet another reason why Europeans and others with money to invest or to shelter no longer look to the United States as a safe haven. They may be wrong—perhaps the FBI and CIA are as effective as they ever were—but the United States no longer gives the *impression* of a country that jealously defends the integrity of its political system against subversion.

In the years immediately after World War II, remember, the value of the dollar was more or less determined by the Americans—in the case of the occupied countries it was actually, for all practical purposes, set by the military governments. This was true not only for the lira, the Austrian schilling, and the Deutsche mark; it was probably also true to some extent for the French franc. Probably the dollar in those days was somewhat overvalued, as there were many interests working in favor of such overvaluation.

Americans need to recognize that you cannot effectively fight Communist subversion in faraway places unless you are prepared to have a showdown with the Soviet Union

But in those days this did not matter. The world needed a leading currency, and Europeans were quite ready to accept the dollar at practically any rate of exchange. This held true so long as the political and economic power of the United States was unquestioned, even as the balance of trade slowly shifted.

Once American power was seen to decline, however, the economic realities began to assert themselves. Probably American generosity after the war, continuing to give aid to countries even when they no longer really needed it, contributed to the problem. In any case, even before the Vietnam War, the stage was set for an overflow of dollars in international markets.



To sum up this development: the dollar is a victim of American generosity, of detente, and of America's incapacity to cope with modern forms of militant expansion. What, then, is to be done to reverse these unfavorable trends—unfavorable not only for the United States but also, especially, for its allies and those neutrals who rely on American strength to maintain a balance of power?

The answer can be found, in my opinion, only by going back to the point at which the West in general and the United States in particular began to slip. (The loss of Cuba in 1959, for example, can now be seen as a kind of watershed in the Western decline.) Of course, one cannot rectify past errors whose consequences are also now matters of the past, but one could re-establish the power relationship as it existed, say, in 1965.

For America, the road back to self-respect and, thus, to respect from its allies and, thus also, to confidence in its currency is bound to be long. It has to begin in the heart of America. As long as there is no common agreement on the basis for a new and more realistic foreign policy, there cannot be a new beginning. A bipartisan consensus, such as existed during World War II and in the years immediately afterwards, must be re-established.

In my opinion this process, even with optimum presidential leadership and the support of a strong majority, will take from five to 15 years—probably nearer to 15 than to five. Many people think we don't have that much time—that

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within the next decade most of the Third World will have been swallowed up by the Kremlin and its allies, to the point where it would be too late for effective counter-action.

Although I do not agree with such a pessimistic prognosis, it does seem to me that the recovery process could, under certain circumstances, be speeded up. This would mean, in the first place, the achievement of a consensus on what went wrong: a) that the Vietnam War was a mistake because either it was a cause justifying and requiring a coordinated Western response (as in Korea in 1950), or else it was one that no Western power had any business meddling in; b) that the U.S. lost its sense of perspective, fighting the Communists far away from America, in Vietnam, while tolerating them on America's doorstep, in Cuba; and c) that public opinion needs to be prepared ahead of time for any long-range effort.

In looking at the United States, where I have served twice as ambassador, I still find a healthy nation but one corroded by self-doubts. The spirit of enterprise seems to have gone out of American foreign policy, quite probably as a result of Vietnam. But Americans need to recognize that you cannot effectively fight Communist subversion in faraway places unless you are prepared to have a showdown with the Soviet Union. If the Soviets hold parts of the "uncommitted" world for ransom, the way to deal with them is not by worrying about the ransom, but by declaring the entire Soviet empire open to potential retaliation. The United States has done this before, in the Fifties, with good results.

Basically, however, all questions of foreign policy come down to questions of public education. Forceful leadership is important, but it little avails unless the public is reasonably well-informed about the danger. Problems generated by the Soviet Union cannot be settled by timid people negotiating with the Communists surreptitiously.

For this reason, I believe that an "equalization of noise levels" in terms of propaganda is an important element, because intimidation is usually the precursor of subversive actions. Or, to put the same point differently, if there is a war for "hearts and minds" in the world today, it is above all a war for the hearts and minds of Americans, who seem to have learned the wrong lessons from Vietnam.

BEFORE America can restore the value of its currency on world markets, it must restore its standing on the international scene. And before anyone can reap positive results from detente, the nature of detente must be clearly explained to the people. Otherwise, America will lay itself—and its allies and those neutrals who depend on its power—open to the most terrible disillusionment. By definition, of course, one can become disillusioned only when one has had illusions; and I think America has the illusion, currently, that it understands what the Soviet Union is about and that it is capable of blocking its hostile actions.

Perhaps one may say that in talking about American power and how to re-establish it, I am going far beyond the problems of the dollar. To this I plead guilty. I'm not really very much concerned about European fat-cats and where they put their money. I believe American power and a willingness to use it are important for the peace of the world. That the dollar would benefit from an American rekindling of pride in America and from a renewed European confidence in American power is almost incidental.

But things that are incidental can also be important. I want to see a world in which the dollar is again trusted, because I want to see a world in which America is again trusted. And I want to see a world in which America is again trusted because only in that kind of world will freedom be secure. □

Funversation: The Ayatollah Khomeini And the Thief of Baghdad

The AK: You stole it from us, and I want it back
From Iraq,
You thief.
The Thief: Here, Your Reverence. Please don't call the shereef.
The AK: Not my credit card, you snake
I refer to your take
Of a rare jewel of incomparable worth,
A large plot of holy earth.
The Thief: I am but one of the anonymous riffraff,
Too base either to cry or laugh
At what Allah (may His name be praised!) has sent
To my tent.
The AK: Impudent devil!
The level
Of your cunning is preternaturally bad.
You are not nameless: do you deny that you are the infamous Thief of Baghdad?
The Thief: No. Here are the watch, prayer beads, and bag of hashish I lifted from you.
The AK: That won't do.
I want the palaces, gardens, mosques, bazaars you took;
Also the gold, gems, paintings, and polo fields, you crook.
The Thief: Here are your wallet, Koran, eyeglasses, false teeth, and hearing aid.
May I go now that I have paid
Back my ill-gotten gain?
The AK: Not until I get back the main
Object you pilfered, son of a pig.
The Thief: I dig
You now, Holy Man.
You mean the thing that can
Make your whole theology sit so well.
The AK: Exactly. I want back my Preparation H---

– JOHANNES EFF

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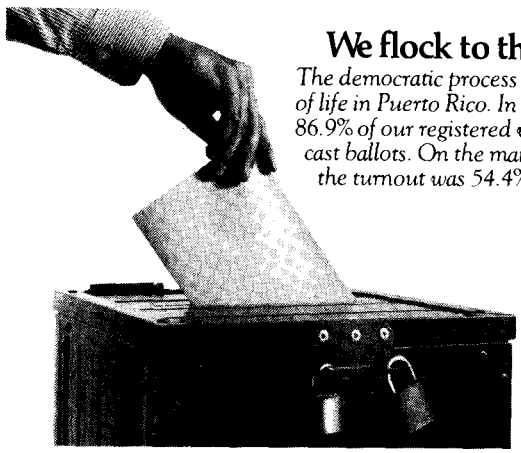
PUERTO RICO



We flock to the polls

The democratic process is a way of life in Puerto Rico. In 1976, 86.9% of our registered voters cast ballots. On the mainland, the turnout was 54.4%.

We cherish our culture.

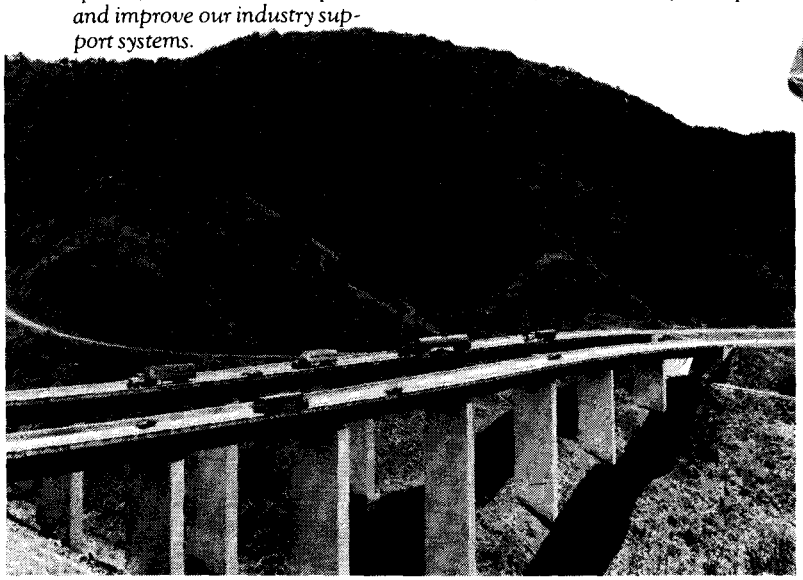
The Areyto is an internationally known folkloric troupe that helps to perpetuate our unique songs and dances. They've been applauded on four continents.

We're family-oriented.

We want each new generation to be better than we are. At this Marquez family gathering, there's a chemistry professor, a university administrator, a lawyer, and six youngsters who'll follow in their footsteps.

We have fine highways.

18-wheelers can reach any seaport within 2 hours. This year we'll spend $274.8 million to expand and improve our industry support systems.



We're Americans in our own special ways. We're proud of our heritage, just like other Americans are proud of theirs. Iowans are different from New Yorkers. Puerto Rico's 3.3 million American citizens are different from Ohio's 10.7 million. That's what America's all about.

Differences. And similarities

The music that plays in our shopping malls has a Latin beat. But you'll find J.C. Penney and Sears and McDonald's there. And a thriving business in each.

We also share more basic things with our fellow Americans. Like wanting to get ahead. And a willingness to work for it. Puerto Rico is alive with skills and talents.

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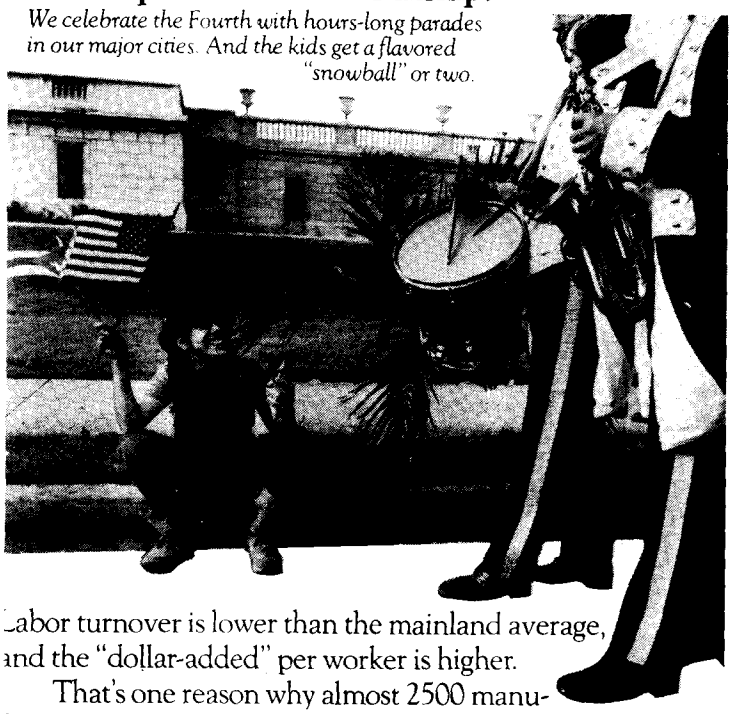
IS AMERICA.

We're community-minded. *Thousands of parents volunteer time for Cub Scouts and other youth activities. Our civic organizations are familiar: Kiwanis, Lions, Rotary, Shrine.*

We're proud of our citizenship.
We celebrate the Fourth with hours-long parades in our major cities. And the kids get a flavored "snowball" or two.



We're technically skilled.
Our work force builds intricate computer equipment from design specifications to finished product. Thousands of American hearts beat with the aid of a pacemaker made in Puerto Rico.

Approved by the Electoral Review Board.

Labor turnover is lower than the mainland average, and the "dollar-added" per worker is higher.

That's one reason why almost 2500 manufacturing companies have established operations here since 1950. Another is our geographic and linguistic ties to over 200 million Central and South American consumers.

All considered, is it any wonder that 535 companies have built new, additional or expanded facilities here in the last 3 years alone? They've found that Puerto Rico and industry is a partnership that works.

Puerto Rico, U.S.A.

The ideal second home for American Business.

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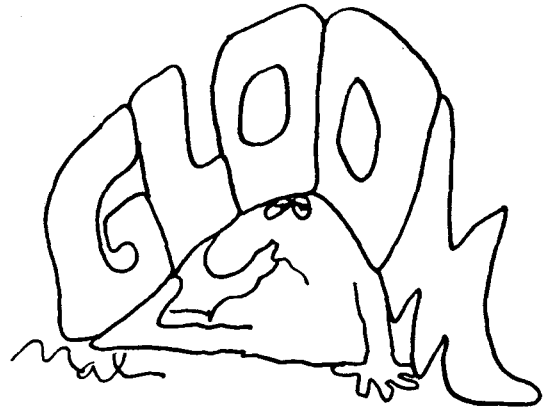

Olfactory Problems

When Britain battled years to beat the Boers,
Some saw it as a portent of decline.
This June, how many college orators
Will see the loss of Saigon as a sign?
Not Vance at Harvard; Cy will underline
The need for moderation in all things.
Not Carter, tending roses on the vine
Or pressing friendly flesh on campaign swings.
Yet signs abound, from Presidents to kings:
The trick is understanding what they say.
World history's replete with silent springs
Because a nation couldn't smell decay.
Though Jimmy learned to contemplate the rose,
I wouldn't bet a nickel on his nose.

W. H. VON DREELE

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"—And notify the staff that the big wheel wants the little cogs to assemble at 0300 in the conference room."

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CUBAN EXODUS

Castro's Worms

E. HOWARD HUNT

By now the scene is familiar: the ragtag flotillas of overloaded boats doggedly plying the Florida Straits. But when I first noticed my neighbor's 53-foot sport fishing boat absent from its dock I just assumed that he was on an extended cruise to the Bahamas. Then another neighbor—a Cuban-American PhD—left hurriedly for Costa Rica to claim a sister who had gained sanctuary in Havana's Peruvian Embassy, along with over ten thousand other victims of Castroism. Only then did I realize my yachtsman neighbor was not lolling about Cat Cay, but working the 110-mile width of the Florida Straits to bring out fugitives from Caribbean Communism.

The now-massive sealift began slowly and tentatively. Then, as more and more "*gusanos*"* crowded the Mariel docks, Cuban exiles in south Florida organized a Dunkirk-style boat bridge that has, at this writing, brought more than eight thousand Cubans to the Florida Keys. Officials of the Immigration & Naturalization Service (INS) were quickly submerged by the human tidal wave; adding to their burdens was Washington's ambivalence about the status of the new refugees: were the Cuban "boat people" to be subtracted from a limited Cuban quota, or admitted without regard to numbers? Would the U.S. accept only 3,400 of the Peruvian Embassy supplicants, with Costa Rica and the Andean nations expected to absorb the rest? And with Castro *permitting* this new exodus, could the beneficiaries claim political-refugee status and therefore be granted such services as welfare payments, medical aid, and food stamps?

Hardly had the questions surfaced when INS and the Coast Guard began threatening the rescuers with fines, prison terms, and the confiscation of their boats if they continued bringing illegal aliens to the United States.

Meanwhile, local black leaders began demonstrating and lobbying for nondiscriminatory treatment of the Haitians who land daily between Key West and Boynton Beach. So far, an estimated thirty thousand Haitians have arrived illegally, sailing and drifting toward Florida in unseaworthy craft, often paying for this uncertain passage with their life savings, and sometimes with their lives. Black spokesmen like the Reverend Jesse Jackson, who led a Miami demonstration, demand that the Haitian arrivals be granted political-refugee status, although most informed observers —including INS officials—regard them as refugees not from political oppression but from poverty, illicitly seeking jobs in America.

Accordingly, Haitians are detained on arrival, and then, for the time being, paroled pending resolution of a class-action suit against the Immigration & Naturalization Service. In this legal limbo they can lawfully neither work nor receive welfare aid or food stamps. But their problems in adjusting go far deeper than that. Creole, their island *patois*, is understood only by fellow Haitians and represents a considerable barrier to potential employment in the United States, as does, to an even greater degree, the Haitians' illiteracy and lack of skills for a technological society. Furthermore, among Haitian refugees who have undergone medical examination by U.S. authorities (and many arrive undetected), a high incidence of venereal disease and tuberculosis has been noted. There have even been active cases of leprosy among recent arrivals. The union representing INS employees has demanded that INS take official notice of these unusual health hazards to safeguard the eventual disability rights of employees who may suffer infection in the course of their duties. There may also be racial discrimination at work here, but clearly that is not the only reason why the Haitians have been treated differently from the Cubans. Nonetheless, the dispute may give us some foretaste of the racial tensions this influx of refugees is bound to cause in southern Florida.

Nor are these tensions confined to Cubans *v.* blacks. At least two Miami radio talk shows have focused on the Cuban influx to the exclusion of all other discussion topics save only the Teheran rescue attempt. Daily, these talk-show hosts demand the cessation of Cuban immigration and play on the job fears and resentments of working-class Anglos in a fashion reminiscent of George Wallace. Yet these talk-show moderators are not rednecks; indeed, they stoutly regard themselves as liberals, and on all subjects save Cuba display the usual liberal sentiments and prejudices.

I heard one of them remark sourly

*Literally, "worms"; in Castro-ese, "informers," "traitors."

Mr. Hunt, a retired CIA officer, lives in Miami. In 1960-61 he served as U.S. covert representative to the provisional Cuban government-in-exile. Mr. Hunt's book, Give Us This Day, *details that experience.*

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that Castro was "spring-cleaning" by sweeping out his undesirables and transferring his problems to us. Indeed, a fraction of the refugees has been found to have criminal backgrounds—but as one commentator noted, what constitutes a crime in Castro Cuba may be quite different from a criminal code violation in the United States. Even so, the presence of numerous freed prisoners and mental patients among the "legitimate" refugees cannot be dismissed as happenstance, but rather interpreted as a deliberate move by Castro to raise doubts about the legitimacy of all the departees. The FBI is now attempting to identify the criminally undesirable for deportation.

Tardily, Florida Governor Bob Graham declared the Keys and Miami to be Disaster Areas. This formality allows the use of National Guard troops, transport, and supplies in receiving, temporarily housing, feeding, and relocating the daily flow of Cuban boat-people. Though no more than a stopgap, this action was greeted with relief by overworked Cuban-American volunteers and INS employees. Eglin Air Force Base in the Florida panhandle has been designated as a processing center for an estimated twenty thousand Cuban refugees.

Just yesterday at my bank (founded by Cuban exiles) I noticed a long line of unshaven, poorly dressed men moving slowly toward one cashier's window. Curious, I read the hand-printed inscription on a placard by the cage: *Ayuda a los Cubanos de la Embajada Peruana.* (Aid for Cubans from the Peruvian Embassy.) As each man reached the cashier, he produced his safe-conduct

The Cuban-American community acted while others did little besides comment on the obvious risks of the sea journey

pass and was given a number of greenbacks. The bank, I later learned, had volunteered to collect donations from Miami's Cuban community in order to issue pocket money to each new arrival. This generosity on the part of Cuban-Americans is typical of Florida's large exile community. It was the Cuban-American community that first organized relief efforts for earthquake-stricken Nicaragua, later opened homes and hospitals to Nicaraguans abandoned by the fleeing Somozas. And now, large amounts of clothing and food have been collected in Miami and Tampa and distributed in Key West by Cuban-American volunteers. They acted, while others did little besides comment on the obvious risks of the sea journey.

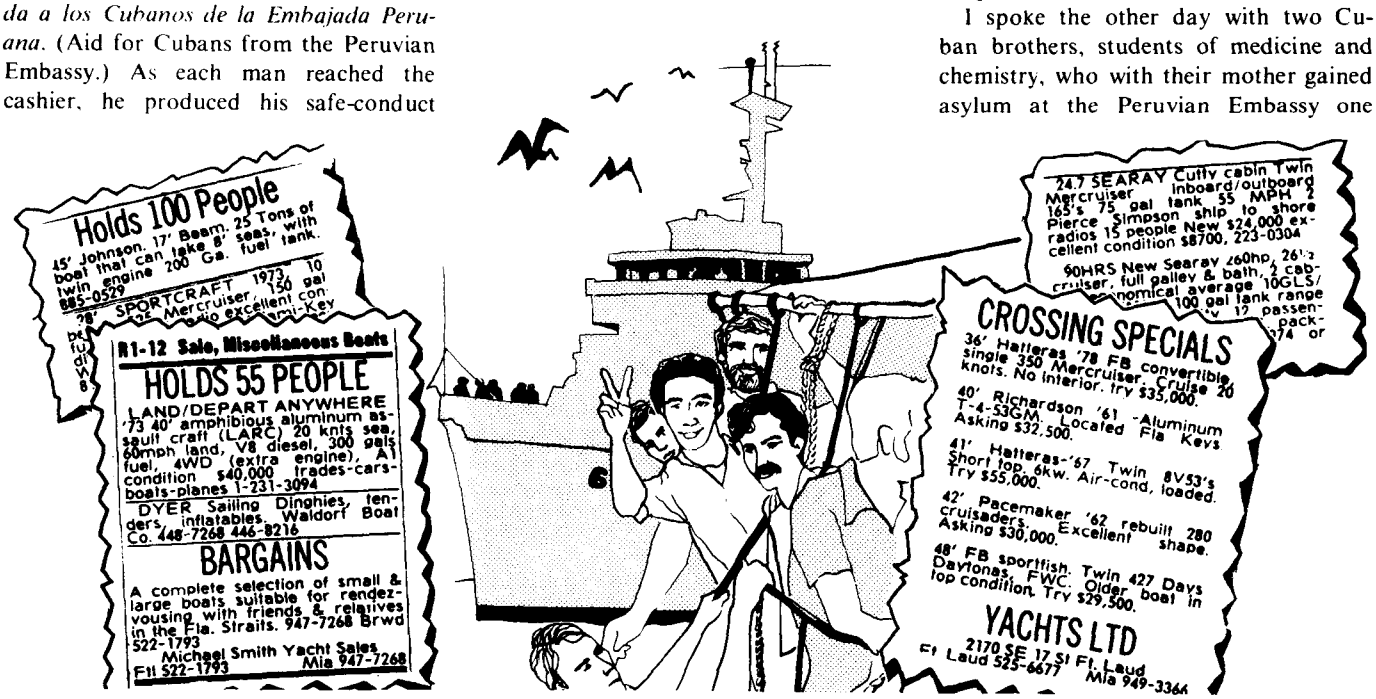
And risks there are. In the wake of hurricane winds in the Florida Straits, the Coast Guard counted 14 capsized boats. At a low average of ten passengers per boat, the death toll in two days must have exceeded 150. Still the rescue operation continues.

Most of the boat operators are new to the sea, and the Coast Guard reports that few have experience in offshore boating. Many boats lack radio equipment, navigational gear, and/or ship-to-shore radios, so they attempt their voyages by dead reckoning. Like the inspired Germans who used to breach the Berlin Wall, the Florida sailors indomitably hazard their own lives to rescue others.

Accordingly, the demand for boats capable of making the trip to Cuba has skyrocketed. Sale ads proclaim "Crossing Specials," "Holds 55 People," "Holds 100 People." Another offers: "A complete selection of small and large boats suitable for rendezvousing with friends & relatives in the Fla. Straits."

Of course, not all boat captains undertake the mission for humanitarian reasons. One recently boasted of having pocketed $470,000 in the first days of the boatlift; others brag of lesser profits, adding a mercenary taint to the rescue mission. Meanwhile, the Cuban government insisted right from the start on sending along four hand-picked Cubans for each relative a boatman brought back; now many captains are forced to return with an entire load of Cubans they neither know nor desire as passengers.

I spoke the other day with two Cuban brothers, students of medicine and chemistry, who with their mother gained asylum at the Peruvian Embassy one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chaotic night. They remained in the jammed compound for 15 days, until Castro's offer of safe-conduct persuaded them to leave diplomatic sanctuary. Departing, they encountered inflamed mobs howling for the lives of the *gusanos*. Their mother was brutally attacked, and when the brothers tried to protect her they were beaten to the ground—the head of the elder is still bandaged. Although they managed to reach Key West by boat, they have not seen their mother since she was torn from them.

Each boatload of refugees brings dozens of such stories.

The Carter Administration has signally failed to take advantage of Castro's discomfiture over the exodus that began with the invasion of the Peruvian Embassy. Here an American Administration was vouchsafed a splendid opportunity to focus world attention on a subjugated populace fleeing Communist masters, yet the Administration's anger was initially directed not at Fidel Castro, but at the Cuban-Americans who were trying to aid their countrymen. The White House seemed more concerned to prosecute offending boatmen than to facilitate the flight of those seeking freedom. Anything rather than turn the Cuban hemorrhage to American psychological advantage.

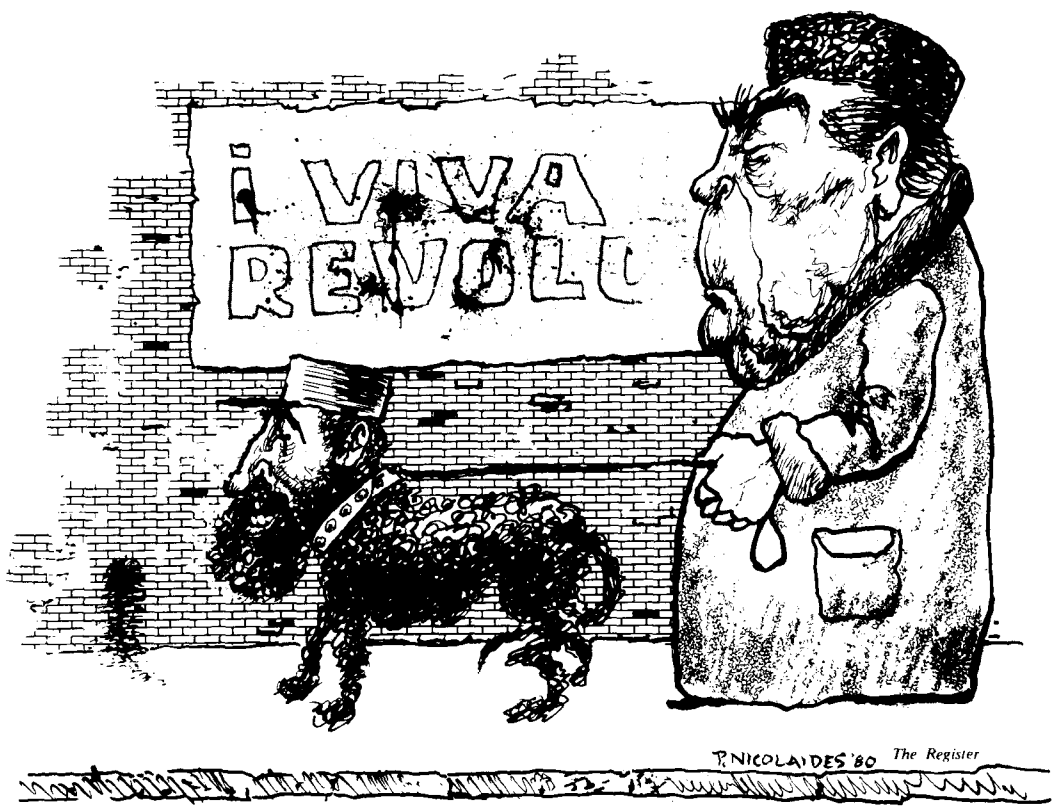
But why the reluctance to highlight human evidence of Communist savagery? Why did the Administration mutter surlily about quotas for immigrants and laws involving boatmen (while failing to enforce either)? Why the coincident pressure to admit a limitless number of Haitians as "political" instead of economic refugees? The answers go back very nearly twenty years, to the Kennedy Administration's failure at the Bay of Pigs, to JFK's promise to Brigade survivors that one day their flag would "fly in a free Havana."

In intervening years, the likes of Senators McGovern and Church have been busily touching up the portrait of Fidel for American viewers. Only last year, the Carter Administration moved to relax trade and travel restrictions. For a while it looked as if Castro was going to be allowed to digest his island without further American interruptions. Then Castro had himself elected leader of the "non-aligned" nations and said unpleasant things about American imperialism. The pace of the Cuban-American rapprochement suddenly slowed, as the State Department accommodationists found their existential rationale for normalizing relations with Communist Cuba evaporating. How embarrassing to Jimmy Carter!

Then, in either an error of reckoning or (less likely) a convoluted plot to create dissension within Florida's exile community, Fidel withdrew his guards from the Peruvian Embassy compound --whereupon ten thousand Cubans rushed in. That they preferred to exist there without food or shelter, amid ponds of urine and ordure, rather than in their former Communist condition was irrefutable evidence of profound loathing for Castro's rule. But where was the President's "absolute commitment to human rights"? Where the massive American air- or sea-lift that could have shortened the agony of those thousands of people by many days and weeks? Where the American call (as is so customary) to the United Nations for the alleviation of human suffering and degradation in a rights-violating country? Was it because our President desired to treat Cuba even-handedly with the Soviet Union by not "singling [it] out . . . for abuse or criticism"? Evidently, compassion and concern for human rights vanish when confronted by what is perceived as Realpolitik.

Meanwhile, the battered clusters of refugees from Haiti and Cuba brave wind, sea, thirst, and risk of drowning in their anguished quest for freedom merely to exist in dignity. □

Where was the President's 'absolute commitment to human rights'? Where the massive American air- or sea-lift that could have shortened the agony?



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THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY

God and Man at the Marriott

JOSEPH SOBRAN

THIS YEAR'S national meeting of the Philadelphia Society was held just outside of Chicago - not, to my disappointment, within, as usual. Since the meeting's theme was "Religion in the Contemporary Free Society," perhaps the Society's impresario, Commodore Don Lipsett, reasoned it might be wise to keep a bit of distance from the town that Billy Sunday could not close down. In any case, the Marriott O'Hare provided comfortable accommodations although at one point late in the evening, as the membership gathered in a room upstairs for an innocent carouse, I found myself explaining to a curious guest across the hall that all these decibels were being generated by a group of conservative intellectuals. I stopped short of telling him what the theme of the convention was.

Keynote speaker John MacCormack, of St. Mary's University (Nova Scotia), briefly reviewed church-state theory from the ancient Hebrews onward, lingering somewhat over his favorite century, the fourteenth. If you had been there, he would have made the fourteenth your favorite too, if it isn't already. It was then that the metaphysics of Occam and Aquinas bore political blossom, Aquinas paving the way for constitutional monarchy, Occam for a despotism in which will and reason divorce. MacCormack laid the doctrine of the divine right of kings to Occam's influence.

A subtler point deserves mention. Most of the textbook histories of political theory credit Marsilius of Padua with advancing civil liberties because he tried to take the Church down a peg or two. The truth, said MacCormack, is that he apotheosized state authority and made the Church no more than a division of the state. He was thus a "masked totalitarian." (But then, I would add, so are most civil libertarians.)

Is religion, MacCormack asked, a precondition of freedom by nature, or only by historical circumstance? He strongly suggested the former, calling the truth of faith "a truth that helps us to know, but is itself beyond the knowing process."

Stephen Tonsor spoke of the disguised religious commitments of even the most secularist societies: religion being the source of all our political paradigms. Calling Christianity "transpolitical" rather than revolutionary, he lamented that the Catholic Church and the National Council of Churches are apter to reach a false consensus on politics than a true consensus on religion. Yet there is no direct correlation between religion and politics: the reason an editorial in the *Wall Street Journal* (say) on the Panama Canal is likely to be more sensible than a statement by the American Catholic bishops is simply that the *Journal* is better informed.

Between speeches, Stan Evans delivered a timeless aphorism: "Liberals don't care what people do, as long as it's compulsory." Maddening that this won't quite fit onto a bumper sticker.

Cosmology as a Discipline

Stanley Jaki wowed everyone with an intricately lucid talk on religion in contemporary science. Father Jaki champions cosmology as a discipline, arguing that religion provides the presuppositions on which science is dependent. And not just *any* religion. The Koran, for instance, doesn't affirm a universe made up of a totality of consistently interacting things: this would inhibit the radical freedom, even the caprice, of Allah. Mystical forms of Christianity make impossible an integration of religion and science. More recent views of a "pluralistic" universe, like those of William James and Niels Bohr, actually amount to a "plurality of universes"—a defecated polytheism.

Religion and science are now in a moment of false truce, Jaki argued. Citing Karl Popper's dictum that all science is cosmology, he pointed to the attempts of scientists—including Einstein, whose general theory of relativity he deems the greatest feat of scientific theorizing in history to evade the metaphysical and cosmological implications of their own work. Far from "making everything relative," Einstein made the most absolute and comprehensive statement about the physical properties of everything in the universe. Yet he fell back on Kant's metaphysics rather than pursue a consistent cosmology.

On Saturday afternoon, in recognition of his long service to the Society, Treasurer Ed Feulner was ceremoniously named an honorary creditor.

Dallin Oaks, President of Brigham Young University, spoke incisively of the present political status of religion. The "wall of separation," he suggested, looks increasingly like a "gerrymandered boundary." The key question is whether the First Amendment confers a special —and to some extent privileged—status on religion.

Religion Is Special

Until recently, everyone would have said yes. Today, Oaks said, the answer appears more ambiguous—and inconsistent. For certain purposes, religion *is* special: it can't be promulgated in the public schools or through publicly funded activities. This disprivilege is unique. At the same time, the privileges of, say, conscientious objection have been extended to non-religious philosophies that aren't inhibited by that disprivilege. Thus theistic religion is losing its special protection even as its special exclusions are intensified. Something's gotta give. Oaks predicts a trade-off: less protection, but less exclusion. Meaning that religion will tend to lose its special identity and meaning vis-à-vis the Constitution.

The meeting ended with Father Robert Capon and critic Edmund Fuller discussing religion in today's culture. Father Capon deplored and derided gnostic etherealizations of our ideals and institutions, such that real people find themselves unworthy of them, while traditional religion, with all its water and beads, wine and bread, becomes too "material." Fuller spoke of the "God-residue" of our culture: the presumptions that stick around after the source of their validation has been repudiated. We're still living on inherited capital. □

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EARNED CRISES

A Windfall Popularity Tax

DAVID GLASNER

ACCORDING TO recent public-opinion surveys and in light of the primaries so far, it seems that President Carter's popularity with the American people has increased dramatically since hostages were taken in Iran and the Soviets invaded Afghanistan. This increase in Mr. Carter's popularity gives rise to some obvious questions of domestic policy; but such questions have, to my knowledge, been completely overlooked in recent political discourse. I confess to being somewhat perplexed as to why this should have been so.

My difficulty is that I do not understand why it is permissible for Mr. Carter to reap, as a result of the taking of American hostages in Iran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, a popularity windfall that has sent his public-approval rating soaring from 18 per cent to over 60 per cent (an outrageous increase of more than 200 per cent) when all the analysts agree that it is not permissible for American oil companies to reap an economic windfall from the increase in the world price of oil. Therefore, in the interest of fairness and equity, why does Congress not enact a Windfall Popularity Tax (WPT)?

It is, after all, wrong for anyone to profit from a national crisis. Hence, I would recommend that a tax of not less than 50 per cent be levied on any windfall popularity that has accrued to Mr. Carter in the last six months. Of course Mr. Carter's old popularity of 18 per cent would be exempt from the tax; the Windfall Popularity Tax would apply only to increases in Mr. Carter's popularity since the hostages were taken.

One might also want to consider a two-tier tax system on windfall popularity. For example, upper-tier popularity could be defined as the difference between Mr. Carter's current popularity and his public approval at the time of the Afghan invasion. Upper-tier popularity would be taxed at the minimum rate of 50 per cent.

Lower-tier popularity, meanwhile, would be defined as the difference between Mr. Carter's popularity at the time of the invasion and his public-approval rating just before the taking of the hostages. Lower-tier popularity ought to be taxed at a very stiff rate, perhaps 75 per cent or more. New popularity—that is, any increase in Mr. Carter's public approval after, say, November 4, 1980—would be exempt from the tax and would provide Mr. Carter with an incentive to continue to perform the duties of whatever office he may at that point hold by allowing him to reap future increases in popularity not caused by the Iranian crisis or the Afghan invasion.

The proceeds from the Windfall Popularity Tax should be distributed fairly among all other candidates for President. The most efficient way of doing this would probably be to award each candidate entitlements to the popularity revenue collected by means of this tax. A special small-candidate bias would, of course, be necessary to ensure that major candidates do not obtain an inordinate share of the popularity proceeds. Who knows whether such support might not enable some of the smaller independent candidates like Jerry Brown, Bob Dole, Phil Crane, Larry Pressler, and Harold Stassen, who have already dropped out of the race or who may do so in the near future, to become viable candidates and provide the major candidates with some needed competition?

It is of course possible that Mr. Carter might resist the enactment of such a tax on the grounds that, unlike the oil companies, whose higher profits were unearned—i.e., not the result of any special efforts on their part—the popularity windfall accruing to Mr. Carter was the payoff on more than two and one-half years of "a firm, resolved, consistent, and clear" foreign policy without which neither of the crises would have been possible, or even conceivable. Thus Mr. Carter might insist that it would be unfair to deprive him of the popularity gains accruing to him from crises for which he was solely responsible. I believe, however, that upon due reflection Mr. Carter would, sooner or later, be persuaded of the wisdom of the advice he would undoubtedly receive from such gentlemen as Gerald Rafshoon and Robert Strauss, who could be relied upon to dissuade him from pressing his claim—however justified—to exclusive rights over the popularity gains resulting from both the Iranian and the Afghan crises.

IT SEEMS to me such a program would be entirely in the spirit of the Windfall Profits Tax on the oil companies, for which Mr. Carter has worked so selflessly. It would also be an example of the kind of sacrifice for which Mr. Carter has been pleading in this time of proliferating crises. And it would clearly promote the goal of national unity, which in all other respects has been advanced by the Iranian and Afghan crises. However, one cannot entirely discount the possibility that, in keeping with his position on the Windfall Profits Tax, Senator Kennedy would insist on a stiffer Windfall Popularity Tax than the Administration could support. But a reasonable compromise would no doubt emerge in this case, as one did in the case of the Windfall Profits Tax.

In view of the manifest national interest in the passage of a Windfall Popularity Tax, why is it that there has, thus far, been no movement in favor of such a tax? Could it be that no one has thought of it until now? In that case, surely, once the suggestion is brought to the attention of the Administration and Congress, it will only be a matter of days, or at most weeks, before the tax is enacted amid general public rejoicing. □

Mr. Glasner is an assistant professor of economics at Marquette University in Milwaukee.

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Abroad

Venice *The State of Terrorism*

The summit meeting of Western leaders, including President Carter, scheduled to take place here next month has been threatened with terrorism by Italy's notorious Red Brigades. But in fact Red Brigade activity has declined in recent months, and Italian authorities look forward to an effective end of an eight-year reign of senseless political violence. A major break came in February with the capture of the Brigades' "column" leader in Turin, Patrizio Peci, the first terrorist who has been willing to cooperate with the police. As a result, many of the organization's operations and methods have been exposed and probably neutralized. Then only the other day four Red Brigade terrorists were captured in Naples after the murder of a Christian Democratic politician. It was the first time a gang has been captured intact. Italy has lived in fear of Red Brigade activities since 1972, when kidnappings of industrialists began, the terror reaching a climax in 1978 with the murder of former Italian Premier Aldo Moro. A total of eighty assassinations were committed, most of which seemed aimed at demoralizing normal society in the country. Although the Red Brigades draw much of their inspiration from the extreme Left, labor union leaders have been victims, and even the cadres of the Italian Communist Party have not considered themselves beyond the reach of the terrorists.

Bern *Navel of the World*

Diplomatic pouches are sometimes subject to leaks. This well-known circumstance is now being pondered by the Italian ambassador to Switzerland, Gerardo Zampaglione, whose dispatch to the Foreign Ministry in Rome, and to a number of other Italian ambassadors, on the subject of his Swiss hosts was recently published in Swiss newspapers. In his message Mr. Zampaglione described the Swiss as "pharisees who think they are the navel of the world, who are convinced that they belong to a race apart, and who believe themselves to be protected from calamities which befall other peoples." The ambassador went on to say that the Swiss "allow themselves to be directed by cupidity or mischievous animosity." Referring to the Swiss reputation for humanitarian enterprise, he commented: "Under the image of goodwill and mercy, of detachment and neutrality, there lies hidden the intention of profit-making or of doing a deal." The Swiss Department of Foreign Affairs has indicated that Mr. Zampaglione's recall will not be requested. Meanwhile the Ambassador is reported to be on vacation abroad.

Capetown *Nuclear Bullets*

South African scientists are believed to have made a breakthrough in nuclear weaponry with the development of a nuclear artillery shell capable of being fired by 155 mm howitzers with an accurate range of over thirty miles. The "nuclear bullet," as it is called, could well be equipped with a neutron warhead for defense of the white-ruled country against military pressure from the black African states by which it feels increasingly threatened. The nuclear bullet was made possible, according to military sources here, by the shipment of thirty thousand sophisticated, long-range artillery casings, a number of gun barrels, and a radar tracking system from a Canadian technological firm partly owned by South African interests. The firm is currently under investigation for alleged violation of the arms embargo that the United Nations has imposed against the South African government.

London *The Middle-Class Way*

The majestic *Debrett's Peerage*, the bible of the British upper classes, is planning to issue a new guide to etiquette in response to the changing pattern of British manners. Harold Brooks-Baker, managing director of *Debrett's*, says he receives a multitude of requests for help on the subject, especially in the sexual field. Should one put one's son's girlfriend in the same bedroom when they come to stay, or in a separate room? What if one doesn't have two extra bedrooms? But there are other preoccupations. "The dinner table still puzzles many," Brooks-Baker says. "We can advise on forks, but other things are more difficult. For example, in the English middle class it is good manners to wait until the hostess is served before starting to eat. Among the aristocracy and the middle class anywhere else that is bad manners. You start as soon as you are served. I am middle-class," Brooks-Baker concludes, "but I can see that has the merit that you get your food hot."

Serrano Rothco

"That comes to an even $10 billion for this project—batteries not included."

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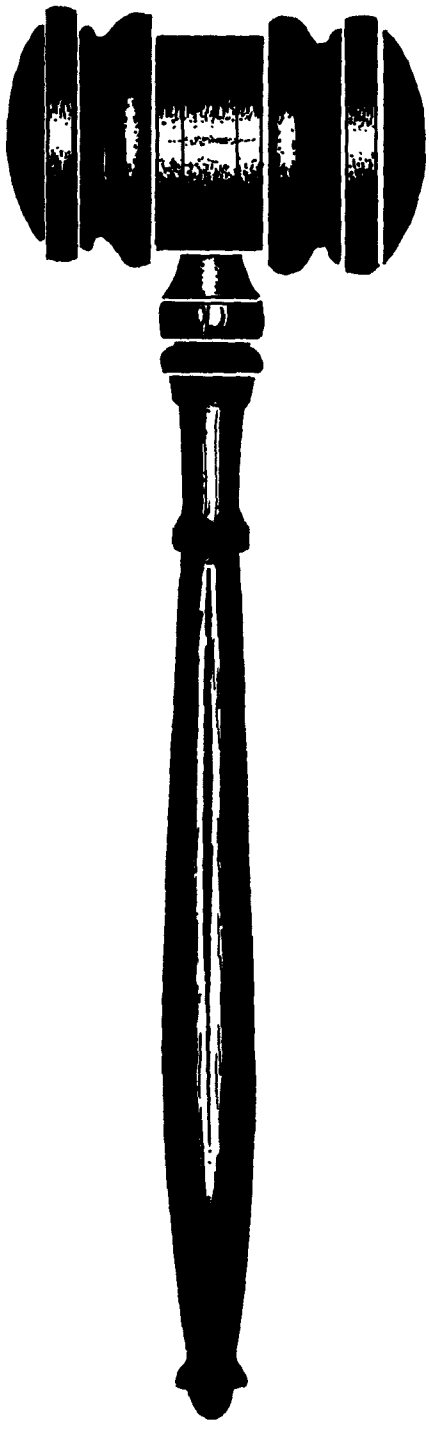
LINDA BRIDGES

Trial by Jury



AMERICANS, by and large, tend to regard jury duty as a smaller-scale version of the draft—less dangerous, perhaps, but equally frustrating and at least as pointless, since jury trials are not much likelier to arrive at the truth than the medieval trials by fire, water, and combat that they replaced. I have heard it stated as a commonplace of legal practice that in cases where there is a choice between trial by judge and trial by jury, the defense attorney will choose judge if his client is innocent, jury if he's guilty, on the grounds that juries are swayed by personal prejudice, or a lawyer's eloquence, or anything except the facts. Hence the general impression that there's no point in an intelligent person's serving as a juror even if he would like to, because he'll never be put on a case. (Although I did read once about W. H. Auden having to reschedule a meeting with the Stravinskys because he was on jury duty. I remember thinking at the time how amusing it was that a foreigner had so thoroughly embraced our American notions of civic duty—quite forgetting what country we inherited them from.)

So, when I received my summons to serve my term at the New York County Courthouse, I instantly got on the phone to a lawyer friend and asked him if there was any lawful way of getting out of it. "In the first place," he said, "no. They're short of jurors, and they've made it very hard to exempt. But anyway, why would you *want* to get out of it?"

Lawyers are not in the habit of asking pointless questions, so I tried to explain, although I thought the answer obvious enough: All my friends who had done jury duty in New York were bored silly; they never served on a case; anyhow, journalists never get picked for juries, and especially not journalists who work for NATIONAL REVIEW.

"Well, I wouldn't be so sure of that," my friend replied. "But even if it *is* dull, don't you want to see for yourself?"

I didn't really. And I couldn't help wondering whether part of his own interest wasn't a lawyer's natural curiosity about the civilian side of the legal process. But if he had not convinced me that it was worth doing, he had convinced me that I had little choice. So I deferred to a more convenient time instead of trying to exempt; when that time came and proved to be equally inconvenient I deferred again; and again; until finally, my deferrals used up, I found myself one day walking up the steps of Boss Tweed's beautiful courthouse, my summons in my hand.

I came prepared with bushels of work, fully expecting to spend the next two weeks listening for my name to be called; I thought the process might possibly be enlivened by my getting so far as to be sent into a courtroom, and then dismissed by the defense attorney as soon as I confessed where it is that I work. *I* didn't think my politics would prejudice me (in fact, I would hope that anyone who takes a non-permissive view of crime would be all the more concerned not to convict the wrong person), but I didn't expect any lawyer to see it that way.

It seemed as if the entire criminal justice system of the County of New York had determined to spend the next two weeks methodically proving my notions about it wrong, one by one—starting that Monday morning, when I was among the first fifty people to be picked at random out of the big jury assembly room on the 15th floor of the Criminal Courts Building.

Me among Them

We were shepherded along to a courtroom, and presently the case was announced (the charge was murder in the second degree, and the defendant was a young black woman), the lawyers were introduced, and the first 12 prospective jurors called, again at random, up to the jury box, me among them.

I had thought that in any case without big political overtones (Black Panthers, Sirhan Sirhan), the jury selection process went pretty quickly—the lawyers asking a few questions about people's backgrounds, challenging a few prospective jurors, and generally having the jury chosen and ready to go by lunchtime. (Although I had begun to wonder about this when the man who gave us our pep talk *cum* orientation lecture in Room 1517 said, "The average felony case takes fifty jurors"—i.e., by the time 12 jurors and two alternates have been accepted by both sides, fifty

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jurors will have been called up to the jury box.)

Indeed, there were a lot of routine questions: Where do you work? What do you like to do in your spare time? Have you ever been the victim of a crime? Have you ever served on a jury? Do you remember reading anything about this case?

Then the more pointed questions. The prosecutor first: How do you feel about circumstantial evidence? (With many hypotheticals to show precisely what the difference is between "circumstantial" as a legal term and as we use it in everyday life.) Could you convict someone for murder? Would you require an eyewitness in order to convict? If a police officer took the stand, would you treat him the same as you would anyone else?

Then the defense attorney: Do you think the defendant must be guilty or she wouldn't be here? Would you hold it against the defendant if she didn't take the stand? But if she did take the stand, would you treat her the same as anybody else—judge her credibility just as you would that of any other witness? If you or someone you love were accused of a crime, would you want a person just like yourself in the jury box? —Obvious emotional ploys, some of these questions. And yet . . . *Innocent until proven guilty. A jury of one's peers. No person shall be compelled to be a witness against himself.* Defense counsel wasn't conducting a seminar in legal philosophy; but many of his questions had the effect of directing the attention away from what we read every day about the mess our criminal justice system is in, and back toward the basic principles of Anglo-American jurisprudence.

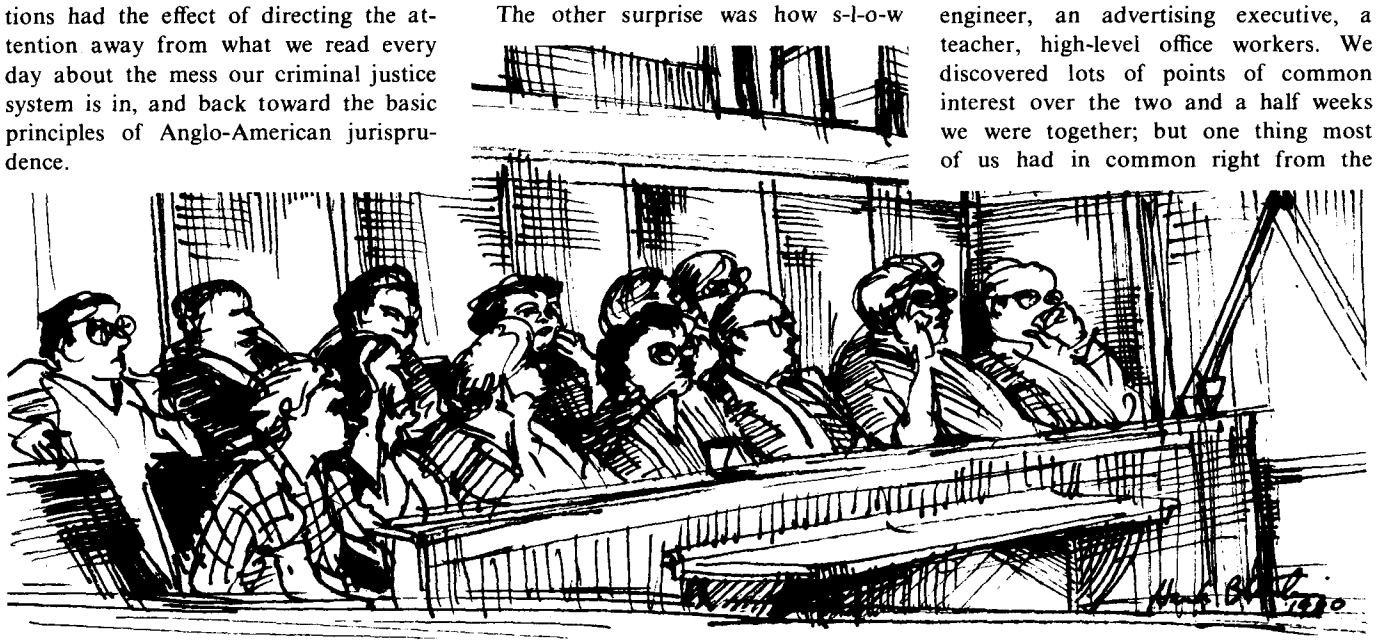
When the lawyers had finished interrogating us, they went over to the clerk's desk and spent a goodish while there. In spite of what we had been told in Room 1517, I thought they would keep practically everybody; I also thought that if anybody was dismissed, I would be one of the first to go, right after the woman who felt she couldn't convict anybody and the man who gave the impression of wanting to convict everybody.

Two Out of Twelve

When the lawyers had made their choices, the clerk read off the names of those who were to step down from the jury box and return to Room 1517. He didn't stop at three names, nor six. Ten jurors were dismissed, leaving me and the woman who worked as an office manager in, of all places, a law firm—*everybody* knows that no one connected with a law firm ever serves on a jury, right? But if we had been wrong in our preconceptions, once we saw the pattern we found we were rather good at predicting who would be chosen out of each succeeding round. Gone, of course, were both the hanging jurors and the bleeding hearts; gone were the ones who had answered with a complacent smirk, "It would be my duty as a juror to be fair and impartial"; gone—and this is what surprised me—was everyone who had trouble understanding hypothetical cases or complicated questions.

The other surprise was how s-l-o-w this process was. It took two and one-half days to complete the jury; including the people who were "excused by consent" (because of hardship, or possible prejudice, or prior knowledge of the case), nearly a hundred people had passed through the jury box before 14 were chosen. It transpired, though, that I was not the only one who felt there was a certain disproportion here. At the end of the first day, the judge gave a little speech that went something like this: "As any of you who have served in Federal Court will remember, the jury selection process is much faster over there. [*This said with many grimaces at the attorneys.*] You know, I've never been in an English court, but we had an English judge who came over here last year and sat in on my court, and he was astonished [*more grimaces*] at our jury selection process. He said that in England they take the first 12 people who are called, and the judge asks them one question: Can you give a fair hearing to both the Crown and the Defense? [*Sigh.*] But here we feel we ought to give the attorneys more latitude . . ."

When the jury was selected, we wound up with eight women and four men, ten whites and two blacks (plus the two alternates; they were black women, so both ratios were 10 to 4 until the alternates left us at the beginning of deliberations). Ages ranged from, I would guess, 25 to 55; the jurors included several people connected with the visual arts (a commercial artist, a designer, a gallery owner), as well as an engineer, an advertising executive, a teacher, high-level office workers. We discovered lots of points of common interest over the two and a half weeks we were together; but one thing most of us had in common right from the



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start was that we hadn't expected to be chosen ourselves.

There had been very little of the Majesty of the Law about our first experiences that Monday morning. It was more what the Army must be like—Go there, do that; no whys or how longs. Nor was our courtroom, with its peeling paint and chair-marked walls, terribly prepossessing. But as the proceedings unfolded, our situation started to take its place within our seven-century-old legal tradition. For one thing, although many of the forms now used are relatively modern, there is a strong sense of continuity in basic courtroom procedures. In this trial, for example, the physical evidence was important—very important—but even so, the oral testimony was at least as important. For much of the trial, we could just as effectively have been illiterate fourteenth century freeholders listening to testimony and judging the witnesses' credibility. Then too, defense counsel in particular had a knack for using phrases that would have made Blackstone feel every bit as much at home at 100 Centre Street as in his own Inns of Court.

An Intelligent Jury

I can't really say how typical, if at all, our trial was. On the one hand, between the time I was first summonsed and the time I finally served, I talked to several people who had been on juries, both civil and criminal, and had been extremely impressed with the general quality of the proceedings. On the other hand, I talked to others (including two of our own jurors) who were simply contemptuous of the lawyers, the juries, everything connected with cases they had previously served on (all of these were civil cases, which may or may not be pertinent). But, typical or not, our attorneys were both likable and impressive men (I wouldn't want to be cross-examined by either of them if I had something to hide), our judge (we found out afterward) is apparently regarded as highly by the lawyers who have to practice before him as by the 14 of us, the court reporters were so good they were almost invisible, and the jury took the case very seriously. After the trial, one of the attorneys told us matter-of-factly, "For this case I wanted an intelligent jury." That implies that there are cases for which he does *not* want an intelligent jury; the difference possibly having to do with the nature of the evidence and the sorts of emotions that might be aroused. In this case, perhaps the sympathies were too unpredictable for either side to want to rely on them. (The defendant was a prostitute, but that didn't make her a murderer, and she seemed pleasant enough in court. The victim was obviously a creep, but mere creepiness is not a crime punishable by gruesome death.)

To rationalists, the Anglo-American system of jurisprudence is incomprehensible in general, and particularly in its use of the jury in criminal cases. Try explaining to someone brought up in the other great modern system of jurisprudence, the French, a) why we require juries to reach unanimous verdicts in criminal cases, and b) how unanimity is ever achieved. For that matter, although none of us was French, we occasionally found ourselves asking the same questions.

After our trial, someone asked one of the attorneys how he goes about selecting a jury. He went on to qualify and elaborate, but his initial answer was: "There are no special rules; it's just like deciding in everyday life whether you'd like a person or not." In this case, certainly, the lawyers' preferences made for a group that enjoyed one another's company, under what were sometimes fairly trying conditions (we even had two birthday parties during the course of the trial). And yet, on nearly any topic that came up in the jury room during the two and a half weeks—from the difficulties of walking in shoes with four-inch heels, to the relative merits of the A train *v.* the Lexington IRT, to the moral condition of taxidrivers or Bella Abzug—there would be at least two, if not 14, different opinions offered. On a couple of occasions, the discussion flared into angry argument. And we wondered, and sometimes asked out loud, "If we can't agree on *this*, how will we ever agree on a verdict?"

The answer proved to be as clear as the difference between matters of taste and matters of fact. I'm sure that if the question before the house had been, say, which of the two lawyers we personally liked better, we would have had the hung jury we so nearly had anyway. But that wasn't the question. By the same token, we were there to say not whether we *wanted* to find the defendant guilty, but whether she *was* guilty; and prospective jurors who might have put that question in the realm of preference had (all but one, as it turned out) been excluded.

Palmprint in Blood

As it was, it took us a day and a half to reach a verdict, of which a solid 16 hours, at least, were spent actually deliberating. There were two counts in the charge—felony murder (i.e., murder in connection with a robbery), and murder with intent to kill. Thanks to one irrefutable piece of evidence—a palmprint left in blood—I don't think anyone in that jury room seriously doubted that she had done it. But done *what*? Had there been a robbery? Was there a third person present, as some of the evidence might imply? If so, who actually stabbed the man? If the defendant did, was she trying to kill him, or merely trying to get away from this man who wouldn't, *wouldn't* let go? But with all this tangle of material to deal with, we had certain facts to reason from; and once 11 of us had become convinced on a particular point, we would set to work on the one member of our group who was resisting the conclusion to which the evidence was leading us. And finally, whether convinced by our reasoning or worn down by our persistence, he gave in, just before we would have been sequestered for a second night.

So the answer to that second question—How do juries agree?—appears to be: through patience and stubbornness, and a willingness to subordinate one's tastes and preferences to finding out the truth. But *why* must juries agree? Because, says Blackstone, "It is better that ten guilty persons escape than one innocent suffer." Because, say Pollock & Maitland, the jury's verdict historically represented "the voice of the country-side," the sense of the community.

This also helps explain why we have trial by jury in the first place—a method that is so expensive and seems so inefficient. (In our case, for example, I'm sure the judge could have reached in less than half an hour the verdict it took us over thirty hours to reach.) The beginnings of the jury system are lost in the mists of time; but there is reason to believe that it developed partly because

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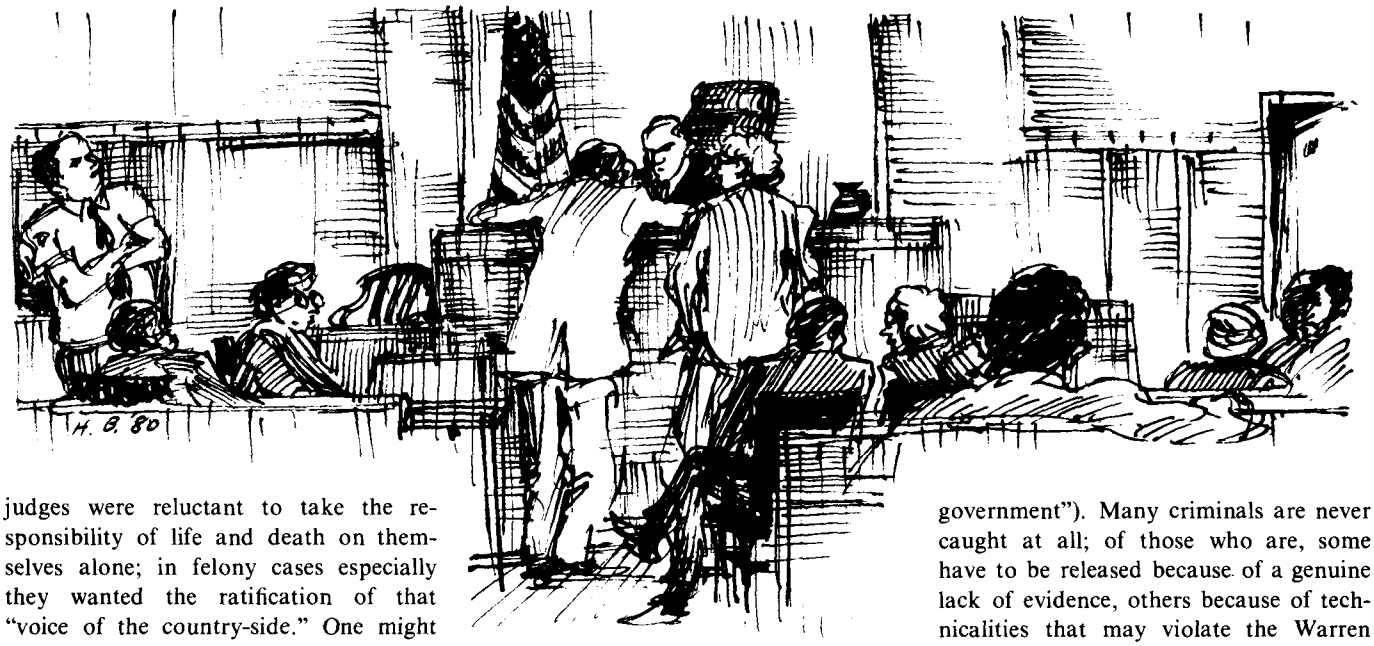

judges were reluctant to take the responsibility of life and death on themselves alone; in felony cases especially they wanted the ratification of that "voice of the country-side." One might dare to formulate it this way: the men whom we would trust with that kind of power would probably not want it; the men who would want it are not the ones we would trust.

The adversary system itself is based on a corollary of the same principle. In an ideal world, everyone would always be concerned that justice be done; no one would ever falsely accuse another person; no one would ever claim to be innocent when he was not. In such a world, the prosecutor would not only admit but draw attention to any imperfections in his case; the defense attorney would fill in the gaps with information passed on to him by his client, or discovered through his own research. Verdict rendered, next case please. Our system, by contrast, assumes that in a world that ideal there would be no crimes to be guilty of; whereas we are actually living in a very unideal world, in which law-enforcers will have prejudices, guilty people will lie to save themselves—in short, people will act human. Hence the adversary system—a system in which each side presents the very best case it can, before a group of disinterested people chosen from the community at large, with a trained judge to maintain order and to supply the necessary knowledge of the law.

This adversary principle supplies the answer to another question as well. Over the course of the trial my opinion of criminal lawyers rose by about 1,000 per cent. Perry Mason and *The Defenders* are enjoyable fiction; real-life criminal lawyers, I had thought, are either flashy and meretricious, like the Melvin Bellis and F. Lee Baileys, or else sleazy types scarcely distinguishable from the people they are prosecuting or defending. Specifically, I had got the idea that criminal lawyers inevitably, by the nature of their job, lost their moral equilibrium after a few years of practicing law: that they became either bleeding-hearts, who felt that no criminal was personally responsible for his wrong-doing, or total cynics, who forgot that there is a right and wrong, as distinct from legal guilt and innocence. In fact, I found that this need not be so; and I think I understand why: if you, as a lawyer, really believe in the adversary system, then you don't need rationalizations in order to accept that it's up to the jury or judge to decide legal guilt—your job is to present your case as well as you can.

It's a Bad System, but . . .

Over the course of those two and a half weeks, I came to realize that I feel about our creaky, ponderous old criminal justice system rather the way Winston Churchill felt about representative government: it's a very bad system, but all the others are worse.

There are so many obstacles to "the true administration of justice" (which, as the legend carved over the entrance of the old New York courthouse informs us, is "the firmest pillar of good government"). Many criminals are never caught at all; of those who are, some have to be released because of a genuine lack of evidence, others because of technicalities that may violate the Warren Court's notions of due process; among those who finally do stand trial, some will be wrongly acquitted.

The beauty of our system is that it admits that, and faces it honestly. Its aim is justice; its purpose is to find out the truth. But it knows that it will not always succeed. That is one reason (the good reason) for all its protections: the unanimous verdict, the penalties for bearing false witness, the burden of proof's being on the prosecution. It is the duty of the criminal justice system to protect society against the criminal; but until it has been established that an accused person *is* a criminal, he must be treated as part of the society that is to be protected. To Blackstone's dictum, a present-day city-dweller might reply acerbically that it seems as if a hundred guilty persons are going free every day, and isn't that rather a high average? The answer of course is: Yes, it *is* rather a high average; and the ratio should be lowered; but it must be lowered by increasing the number of guilty who are punished, not the number of innocent.

Our system of criminal justice makes a modest case for itself. It doesn't claim to catch and convict all wrongdoers; it doesn't claim that two people who have committed the same crime will necessarily both be found guilty, let alone receive the same punishment. One notices that the people who seem thoroughly at home with it do not expect Perfect Justice; they simply believe that the Anglo-American legal system is, on balance, the best defense of all our liberties. □

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Where Would You Cut?

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

A STANDARD response to complaints about the gargantuan size of the federal budget is, "Where would you cut?" The implication is that the budget is so chockablock with worthy programs that any reduction will result in terrible hardship for the needy: we'd dearly love to cut it, you understand, but it simply isn't possible.

To gauge the sincerity of this argument, one need only examine the history of a single federal program—food stamps. By any measure, this is a program wildly—grotesquely—out of control. Food-stamp spending increased by more than 1,000 per cent in the past decade, doubled in the past three years, is scheduled to increase still more, and is unquestionably shot through with waste and fraud. At a time when taxpayers are mewling pathetically for relief, it would be hard to imagine a likelier candidate for reduction.

When food stamps got started back in 1965 as part of the war on poverty, there were 442,359 recipients, and the annual cost of the program was "only" $35 million (a contemptible sum by Washington standards). In fiscal '81, according to present calculations, there will be 23 million recipients, and the annual cost will be more than $10 billion. One out of every ten Americans will be taking part in the program and the Congressional Budget Office estimates that one of seven could be eligible, under current guidelines—putting the total constituency at something over 30 million people.

On the face of them, these figures don't suggest the food-stamp program is being run on a tight-fisted, or even reasonably prudent, basis. In fact, stories about the food-stamp ripoff have entered into the national folklore: "poverty-level" citizens pigging out on luxury food and party fixings, college students from well-to-do families receiving subsidized food, people with expensive cars and other valuable property taking part in the program, high eligibility requirements and lax enforcement, etc.

Among the curiosities of the program are the facts that it is possible to have an income of more than $19,000 a year and still qualify for benefits; that 29 per cent of the recipients, according to a somewhat dated study, own their own homes; and that 36 per cent own their own cars (given certain changes in the interim, it is likely that these figures are higher today). Such things are possible because food-stamp eligibility is figured on net income rather than gross, permitting deduction of expenses and ownership of valuable assets by recipients.

ON TOP of this, the official attitude appears to be that food stamps are to enjoy, and the more the merrier. Witness the "outreach" program of the Department of Agriculture, designed to go out and *find* more people who ought to be receiving food stamps. Witness also the report three years ago of the General Accounting Office, watchdog agency of the Congress, which conducted an extensive field investigation of the program, and summed up its findings in the following passage:

> The government is losing over half a billion dollars annually because of overissuance of food stamp benefits caused by errors, misrepresentation, and suspected fraud by recipients and by errors by local food-stamp offices. For every $100 of the more than $5 billion in annual benefits issued nationally [this was in '77, remember], overissuances account for about $12, and only about 12 cents of that $12 has been recovered. The eight local projects GAO reviewed were doing little to identify and recover the value of these overissuances.

Given all that, economy-minded folk in the Congress have one ready answer to the question of where to cut. In the wake of the GAO report three years ago, an effort was made to tighten up the food-stamp program by changing the gross-income eligibility standard and imposing protections against fraud. This year, a group of legislators led by Eldon Rudd (R., Ariz.) in the House and Jesse Helms (R., N.C.) in the Senate made a determined effort to slash the waste and fat out of the program.

On both occasions, liberal forces in the Congress fought back like men possessed, not only to keep the handouts flowing, but to increase them. In the battle of '77, the liberals managed to halt significant reform, and also to knock out one of the few existing restraints against abuse—the so-called purchase requirement that compelled recipients to put up a token amount of cash to get the stamps. With this proviso gone, food-stamp participation took a giant leap forward—adding another 3.5 million recipients.

In this year's contest, Representative Rudd submitted a 12-point program, including restoration of the purchase requirement, basing eligibility on gross rather than on net income, putting in a system of fraud control, strengthening work requirements, eliminating college students and strikers from the rolls, and otherwise attempting to make sure that benefits go only to the truly needy. He estimated the savings from this package at $4.47 billion, almost half of next year's projected food-stamp outlay.

Rudd tried to present his package as an alternative to the Administration bill pertaining to food stamps (HR-1309), but was rebuffed. He and others then attempted to get some of the reforms adopted piecemeal, but most of these efforts were similarly rejected. Some limited reforms did get through the House, concerning recovery of money in cases of demonstrated fraud, age requirements for minor children, and the like, but even these were eliminated when the bill went over to conference.

At this writing, the effort to reform the food-stamp program is a shambles. Rudd, however, is sorting his proposals into a comprehensive food-stamp reform law, which should be a priority item for adoption in a new and thriftier Congress. In the meantime, the taxpayer is still saddled with a $10-billion boondoggle, one-half of which is arguably absorbed by fraud and foolishness, and liberals in Congress are still inquiring, "Where would you cut?" □

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Belief and Unbelief

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

RECENTLY *Harvard Magazine* carried the confession of faith of an international economist, Emile Benoit, entitled "Human Survival and the Fear of Death." I quote the astonishing conclusion:

> One final, personal observation, relating to matters of faith rather than observation or logic: It seems significant somehow that, in the one small corner of the universe that we inhabit, the universe has developed a capacity to know itself, to symbolize itself in art, and to celebrate itself in collective worship. It is hard to believe that this has happened by sheer accident, through the random collision of atoms in space. Rather, it seems to reflect some purpose of an in-dwelling spiritual force, whose existence we can at times intuitively sense, but whose characteristics remain shrouded in mystery. . . . This spiritual force seems to appeal to our loyalty to help defend and preserve the continued existence of knowing, feeling, and caring, which constitute the heart of the human experience, and the loss of which is what men fear in dying. To have it totally disappear, not just for myself, but for others like myself who might exist in future, and to have this happen as a result of our own blindness and inflexibility, would seem to me the very essence of tragedy. And it is by participating in a worldwide movement to prevent this tragedy from occurring that we can best transcend our fear of the small tragedies represented by our individual deaths.

Professor Benoit wrote these remarkable words shortly before his own death. They stand as his own interpretation of life, not too far from that of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, yet far enough.

The fear of death, Professor Benoit observed, is far more pervasive than "we" like to believe. "We" dread to think that a world of limits may, eventually, choke off all life; or that a sudden burst of radioactive madness may obliterate all traces of life on earth. But whom, exactly, does he mean by "we"?

To speak only for myself, my earliest memories are of the news-clip carnage of World War II and of empathy for distant victims of the Holocaust. During those years I seemed to see in my dreams the orange bursts of flame-throwers, the explosions of bombs, barbed wire and gas ovens. If during the short years of my childhood some thirty million persons could die by violence, in ways they did not choose and at times they could not foresee, in what ultimate protection could the rest of us place our hopes? At the sacrifice of the Mass I saw daily what God did to His Son; and, if to His Son, why not also to us?

In short, Christianity at least (its churches topped by the stark cross) seemed determined to deal with the fact of death. The *Dies Irae* boomed in my ears as I read the newspapers, and the long violet-shrouded dark ceremonies of Tenebrae rolled unforgettable images of darkness, suffering, and death into my consciousness.

Fear of death? I was taught to think often of it, to absorb it into my blood (which already seemed to know of it), to prepare for it, even to welcome it. Indeed, in a certain sense, living has long held for me more terrors than dying. The point of everything is to die a good death, so to live accordingly. Only in living could one betray all that one held dear.

Since then, when I have heard Paul Ehrlich and other professors predict the end of the world, through overpopulation, famine, the burning off of the ozone, the brackening of the world's waters, or other disasters, I have found their imaginations merely inferior to those of the biblical authors. (Since preachers have ceased predicting the end of the world, professors have taken it up.)

The Lord of history, as I understand Him, manifests Himself (in Raymond Nogar's phrase) as "Lord of the Absurd." He did not promise us heaven on earth nor the eternal continuity of human life on this planet. Not at all. Not being a moralist, the Almighty decreed no happy ending. Respecting human liberty, He muffled His power. He gave us the earth, upon it to wreak our will. True, He called all the while to *His* will, but with no coercive force. He told us not to be afraid of darkness, terror, or death. In all things, He would be with us. But "all things" clearly included fire and brimstone, Sodom and Gomorrah, pillars of salt, ruins, rubble, crucifixion, and nighttime over the earth.

I have written elsewhere that "the experience of nothingness" is (and was meant to be) our daily bread. Yet to eat of that bread is to taste not only death. Death is altogether pervasive, shocking, and real. But the point of death is to turn our minds and our drives and our instincts away from what is worse than death: lies, cowardice, unfreedom, and individual isolation. Life is constituted by acts of honesty, courage, freedom, and community: the more frequent we make such acts in our brief lives, the more we "pass over" from the death in which we are born into the life to which we are eternally called.

AT ONE TIME in the past, I was unsure whether I believed in eternal life. As I grow older, however, it seems to me, at times, that I am already living in eternal life; at times, the veil seems to part for a moment (then close): I feel, distinctly, outside of all time. In writing, for example, I sometimes marvel where the time has gone; also in experiences of intense contemplation or of absorption in activity as perfect as I can make it. Then it seems that one has stepped outside of time, that one is living by a life not one's own.

Tomorrow and tomorrow creep in their petty pace. Today, however, often seems to be embraced within another dimension dimly perceived. If, one day, the veils are stripped away forever, if eternity will seem to have been the elemental air, water, fire, earth in which we have subsisted, it will not, I think, come to me as such a surprise after all.

Is that a form of optimism? The devastations we daily see are not softened in the least. A comforting pessimism, rather, which meets every test of human experience I have encountered. A view disgustingly unoriginal, traditional, inherited through thousands of years. □

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The Rich Are Different?

Fortune's Child
By Lewis H. Lapham
Doubleday, 359 pp., $14.95

D. KEITH MANO

Mirrors: I counted at least 15 of them in this smart-bomb essay collection: mirrors that flatter and exalt and truckle all over you. For Lewis H. Lapham, the fawning mirror is a favorite (well, almost an obsessive) image. America stops dead, heart-hit by self-enchantment, like teenage children in front of some silvered storefront window. That ego-stroking moment is static and without other-reference: it has no history or prospects: it is framed and separate: dumb. Some day, Lapham might suggest, America will go quite through the looking-glass. And run face-on into a motel-room wall.

Our dream Trianons are well-appointed: with real peasant folk. Lapham is wicked and exact when it comes to the very rich. He will leave Nelson Rockefeller, say, looking like shot skeet. "Mr. Rockefeller spent his entire life at the metaphysical equivalent of 43,000 feet, suspended by the aerodynamics of money in a state of perpetual innocence." Yes, and innocence is no virtue: rather it is the most pernicious self-absorption. Think of James Earl Carter positively arrogant with naïveté.

But, worse, Lapham has made Nelson Rockefeller into the synecdoche for us all. After 1945, by his reckoning, America was heir to an immense patrimony. We, even you, are Fortune's Children. With this legacy came a national sense of privilege; and a national spoiling. From that simile—America the spendthrift, mirror-enthralled epigone—Lapham can adduce comely insights. They score; they illuminate: they will, I hope, tease you to readership. Here are some truths of L. H. Lapham: I pronounce them accurate and form-fitting as memory yarn.

"The United States . . . makes poor bargains because it feels that it already owns everything worth owning, and so why . . . make unreasonable demands on the Soviets in the SALT negotiations?"

"Hardly anybody likes to admit that the soaring achievements of the Western mind spring from the same soils that nourish the lush flowerings of corruption and greed."

"The militant homosexual contemplating the beauty of self has little reason to take arms against the corruptions that blight the hope of the future."

"In the same way that the environmental movement is a rich man's cause so is the energy crisis a rich man's apparition . . ."

"In a monarchy the presence of government is less systematically intrusive than it is in a democracy. The most arrogant of kings seldom have had the gall to speak in the name of public interest."

On shield laws for newspapermen: "The protection of an informed source works to the advantage of the source, inhibiting the circulation of any news that does not advance the interest of the man circulating it."

"The United States is a nation of dreamers, captivated by the power of metaphor . . . when Tom Wicker spoke encouragingly to the prisoners at Attica about the 'inequities of the system,' he offered them a metaphor instead of information. A number of them died because nobody told them that journalism is a form of fiction."

But metaphor infects Lapham, too: though his metaphor strain—heir, looking-glass, bedouin—is more viral, classier. No one, it would seem, can shake the American symbolic (tropical?) disease. And, despite his antagonism, Lapham has been vamped by wealth: it fascinates him. After all, the super-rich, the liberal super-rich in particular, think it good form to license—even to subsidize—criticism: as an analgesic against guilt. Rockefeller, I think, would have read *Fortune's Child*: and offered Lapham board membership on some mo-

George W. Carey *is a professor of government at Georgetown University. . . .* **Anthony Lejeune** *is NR's London correspondent. . . .* **Francis B. Randall** *is a student of Russian and Communist history and art. He teaches at Sarah Lawrence College. . . .* **Selden Rodman** *is the author of* The Heart of Beethoven, Tongues of Fallen Angels, *and other books.*

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ronic Commission for Circumlocutory Criteria. Lapham trounces the rich, big and small, because they/we are more in love with imagic dreamwork than with "real" problems: racism or welfare or whatever. Still, philosophically, Lapham himself is a rather fastidious unaligned nation: moral leeway left to him, to Rockefeller, to us, by the great American trust fund. I frisked *Fortune's Child* for some distinct commitment: and came up with this at best: "It requires people to renounce the pleasures of sadistic exploitation and self-aggrandizement and to work instead for the gradual process of evolutionary change."

Hanh? That sentiment (and it is a sentiment, not a program) won't hold much borscht. Lapham has latent romantic tendencies. The word "evolution" above is fronting for our long discredited concept of progress. Yet men are, in a genuine sense, outside evolution: they can veto or filibuster it. You do not "work for" evolutionary change without a moral or political platform. Evolution is not blind beneficent force: it is as neutral as "ecology." Cement-lined cloacae puking gluck into Lake Ontario are ecological: the ecology of that place just happens to be pollution. If we evolve toward self-aggrandizement or sadism or Armageddon or Gulag, we nonetheless evolve. Some more intelligible theory of evolution, of progress, must be advanced. Lapham, too, dreams. Even bright and attractive cynicism has its peculiar innocence. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ More June Titles: Charles R. Morris, currently vice president at the Chase Manhattan Bank, argues in *The Cost of Good Intentions: New York City and the Liberal Experiment, 1960-1975* (Norton, $14.95) that City politicians allowed themselves to be swept off their feet by the rhetoric and "concern" of an era which also saw the decline of New York's revenues. Morris has much that is instructive—and bemusing—to say of the administration of John Lindsay, who recently emerged from a long political hibernation to announce his candidacy for the U.S. Senate.

David Lilienthal, who served, lo these many years ago, as head of TVA and chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, has been led by recent developments—and nondevelopments—in the atomic energy field in this country to reassess a hotly debated topic. In *Atomic Energy: A New Start* (Harper & Row, $8.95), he calls for a re-drafting of federal atomic policies and the creation of what he calls a New Atom Corporation. Lilienthal makes it clear, however, that nuclear energy is not something the U.S. can afford to forgo.

Reeve Robert Brenner has tackled a fascinating and important subject in his book, *The Faith and Doubt of Holocaust Survivors* (Free Press, $12.95). Although he found many survivors upon whom the Third Reich and its depredations had the same effect that the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755 had upon Voltaire, he discovered that for many others the Holocaust was a road to the reaffirmation and intensification of religious belief.

Richard Lingeman, who works for the *New York Times*, has written what looks to be a very interesting book called *Small Town America: A Narrative History 1620 to the Present* (Putnam, $15). Here he describes how the social structure of the original American village—the New England town—was altered as the settlers moved westward across the continent and established communities under conditions quite different from those their New England predecessors had faced.

The Odyssey of an American Composer (Scribner's, $17.50), by Otto Luening, is an interesting and informative volume (certainly no computer could have written it) by the man who is widely regarded as the father of electronic music. —CW

Foreign Policy by Congress
By Thomas M. Franck and Edward Weisband
Oxford, 357 pp., $15.95

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

GEORGE W. CAREY

Franck and Weisband address themselves to a problem that inheres in our constitutional system of separated powers; namely: Who really controls our foreign policy, the President or Congress? Their major thesis is that since the Vietnam War there has been an unprecedented shift of power and control in the foreign-policy area from the President to Congress. In contending this, they acknowledge that the relative powers of the President and Congress have fluctuated throughout our history (e.g., war results in increased Executive authority; peace normally leads to a flow of power back to Congress). Thus, it is not altogether inaccurate, according to the authors, to think of past presidential-congressional relations in the foreign-relations area in terms of a swinging pendulum. But, they write, "There is persuasive evidence that the present period of congressional ascendance is not just a swing of a pendulum . . . we are experiencing a revolution that will not be unmade."

Why is the pendulum stuck, perhaps forevermore? Six basic reasons are advanced in the introduction: Congress now legislates in such a fashion as to provide itself a role in the Executive decision-making processes; Congress's capability to make policy has grown enormously with the expansion of its staff and bureaucracy (chiefly, the Congressional Budget Office and General Accounting Office); Congress is "democratized" too in such a way that a President cannot simply rely upon the party leadership to bring its members into line; foreign policy is increasingly an area of voter interest and lobbyist activity, so that members of Congress can ill afford to ignore this area or to follow blindly the lead of the Executive; the Executive Branch itself has made accommodations with Congress (intelligence sharing, the establishment of various liaison agencies) in an effort to secure "a stable, continuing, congressional partnership"; finally, and most importantly from the authors' perspective, "public-policy benefits" accrue from congressional participation, if only because foreign-policy efforts (e.g., SALT, human rights, trade, Panama Canal treaties, and the like) are legitimized through the public debate which necessarily results from confrontations between the two branches.

The 11 chapters that follow this introduction deal with Congress from various perspectives. Chapters 1 and 2, for instance, highlight congressional initiatives in securing our withdrawal from South Vietnam and Congress's bold use of the appropriations power to thwart presidential policies on aid to Turkey and support of the anti-Communist elements in Angola. Chapter 3 deals with the War Powers Resolution, the reasons for its passage, its meaning

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and application; Chapters 4, 5, and 6 elaborate on the expanded role of Congress in such areas as arms exports, human rights, intelligence oversight, and the treaty-making processes. Chapters 8, 9, and 10 are concerned, respectively, with foreign, ethnic, and domestic lobbies in the foreign-policy field; the internal organization of Congress and the dispersion of power and authority within its ranks; and the increased importance of congressional staff.

WHAT can be said of this work? For openers, it seems to be two works. One book, by far the best of the two in developing the major thesis, comprises Chapters 1 through 7. The second book, Chapters 8 through 11, is mostly filler. In Chapters 8 through 10 we are given a blow-by-blow account of the lobbying activities surrounding ratification of the Panama Canal treaties, a detailed summary of Koreagate, a tedious discussion of the organization, tactics, and nature of various interest groups, and, *inter alia*, a history of the development and so-called reforms of the House committee system. Chapter 11, wherein we would expect to find some effort at integration of these and like materials, peters out with a few random observations about the strategies involved in securing the ratification of SALT II. While the last four chapters serve to render the book marketable as a text for college courses on Congress and foreign policy, they cast little light on the authors' thesis concerning Congress's newly acquired predominance.

Only Chapter 7 comes to grips with fundamental problems posed by the recent assertions of congressional authority in the field of foreign affairs. Granted that Congress does possess the constitutional authority to strip the President of powers in this area, even those powers which have until recently been regarded as part of his own special preserve, certain questions still arise: When should Congress use its powers? When, that is, is it prudent for Congress to tie the hands of the President through legislation, thereby removing the flexibility which is sometimes necessary in the conduct of foreign relations? What criteria or standards ought one to use in answering these questions?

The answers provided by the authors are broad, but meaningful in light of the examples which they present. "A rule of thumb," they suggest, "might be that legislation should not be used to prohibit presidential initiatives in unforeseeable circumstances." The 1973 congressional prohibition of the use of force "in, over, or off Indochina" is offered as a prime example of inflexible legislation. Not only did this provide the North Vietnamese an open invitation to invade the South with full military force in violation of the Paris accords, it presented "President Ford with an unacceptable choice between violating it, or abandoning thousands of Americans and pro-American Vietnamese in collapsing Saigon."

By the same token, Congress ought not to seek comprehensiveness of policy through restrictive legislation when Congress has every reason to believe that circumstances are likely to arise that will call for severe modification or abandonment of the policy. This applies, as the authors note, to such policy areas as economic assistance, nuclear export, and trade. Similarly, Congress should be extremely careful to specify universality of application in its legislation. Is it fair and reasonable to single out Turkey for violation of the law regarding the use of weapons supplied by the United States, when the same law is not applied to Greece and Israel? In sum, laws are poor mechanisms if you want flexibility in your foreign policies.

While the authors fail to relate a good deal of their material to central issues surrounding congressional ascendancy, they can at least be credited with raising some of the fundamental problems that deserve our attention. They are evenhanded in their treatment—perhaps too much so, given the failure of the "strong" Presidents of this century to protect or preserve our national interests, even when they had a free hand. Maybe, that is, it is just as well that the pendulum is stuck right where it is. □

BEAUX ARTS

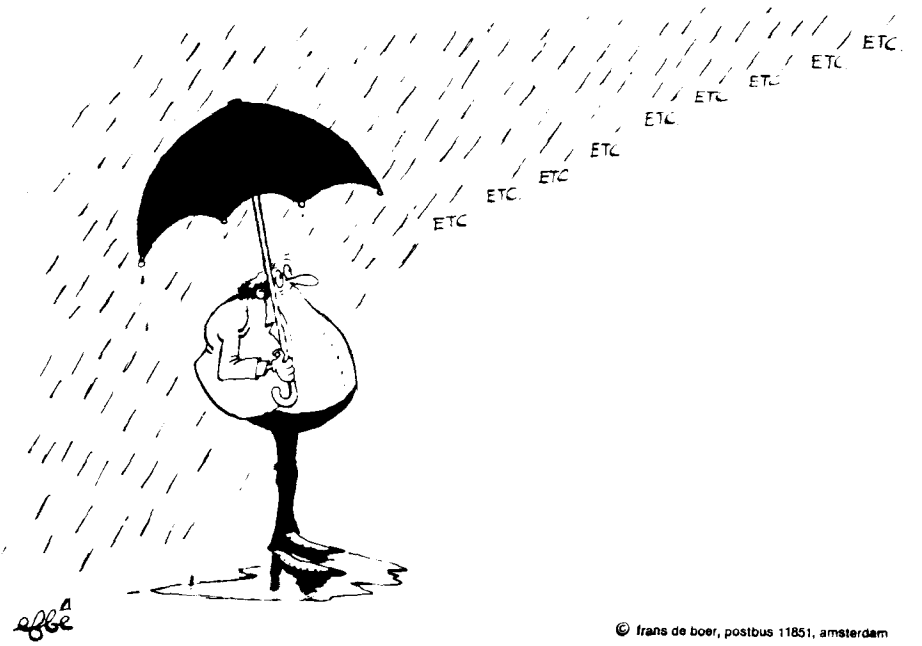
Fortress Besieged
By Ch'ien Chung-shu
Indiana University Press, 377 pp., $15

CHINA UNDER SIEGE

FRANCIS B. RANDALL

Now, in 1980, we are given the first translation into English of what may be the greatest modern Chinese novel, published in 1947. This is discouraging testimony to the persisting height of language barriers.

Like his masterpiece, the author has been almost unknown in the West. Born in 1910 into an elite literary and professorial family, Ch'ien Chung-shu studied English literature at Oxford on a Boxer Indemnity Scholarship; returned to China, like the hero of his



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book, early in the Sino-Japanese War; taught at universities and wrote with distinction for the rest of the life of the Republic of China. He chose to stay on in Communist China, making we do not yet know what vile accommodations to survive in favor as one of two senior fellows in the Institute of Literature of the Academy of Social Sciences, an almost unique island of genuine literary scholarship in the Red tide. Reported dead in 1974, he was quite alive; just last year he published a million-word study of the early Chinese classics, written in an elegant, archaic style, to prove that real Chinese writing is not dead and to help revive it. This bare outline known to us hints at the extraordinary life of a cultured mind enduring all sorts of strains and assaults, a life that might be called a Fortress Besieged.

And indeed, the title of Ch'ien's book must ultimately refer to China under siege, not only by Japanese invaders but by all the pressures and innovations of the West—to Chinese culture sapped by all of modern history and betrayed from within by the half-baked, semi-Westernized intellectuals who infest this novel. But these vast themes are approached through a much smaller one. This novel is a comedy of manners—albeit erudite, sophisticated, philosophical. In its foreground it deals with a young man's blundering relations with women, and climaxes with his failing marriage. The title is not Chinese but is taken from a cynical French proverb: "Marriage is like a fortress besieged; those who are outside want to get in; those who are inside want to get out."

A comedy of manners? set in China from mid-1937 to late 1939, the first two and a half years of the Japanese invasion? Can such a thing be? There is almost nothing here that we would expect from a novel of wartime China. First of all there is no war; it is referred to (the Japanese are sneered at for being "generous only with bombs"), but we actually see no bombing, no fighting, no Rape of Nanking. When the Japanese occupy Shanghai, these people go on living almost normal bourgeois lives in the unoccupied French Concession. There is no ghastly poverty; the characters are landlords' children, bankers' children, university professors, etc. They are sometimes out of money, but they are not the poor of China. In the middle of the book they make a long journey through the war-disrupted rural provinces, but this involves Dickensian hilarities of buses jammed like sardine cans and bedbuggy inns, not the existential horrors of Asia. Chiang Kai-shek's police torture no one and Communism is never mentioned (Chiang's censorship in 1947 may have accounted for that).

THEN WHAT KIND of China is this? Our anti-hero, Fang Hung-chien, is discovered on a dirty French steamer returning to China after wasting his time and money supposedly studying in Europe. He is weak and ineffective, but not mean or vicious. Afraid to face his father and benefactor without his intended degree, he has bought a fake PhD diploma by mail from an Irish swindler in New York. With him on the ship are a number of other Chinese men and women back from study in Europe, the famous "returned student" class that was supposed to make a New China. They gabble an hilarious farrago of pseudo-intellectual nonsense from the Red Sea to Shanghai (and ever after)—even those who didn't have to buy their degrees—and they flirt. Fang is seduced and abandoned by the juiciest of the student set.

In Shanghai, as the Japanese envelop the city, Fang works meaninglessly in the "Golden Touch" bank, gabbles on with his friends, and blunderingly fails to win either of two un-first-rate returned students as a wife, revealing himself to all as a "worthless" person. Late in 1938, he is offered the post of professor (the field not specified) at a newly set-up university in the unoccupied countryside of Hunan. After a comically catastrophic journey with his friends, the other new professors, Fang reaches the "university," a pathetic farce run by a Machiavellian president and an older "professor" who has also bought his degree from the Irish swindler in New York. These get rid of Fang after a year, and he returns to Japanese-dominated Shanghai with another failed teacher as his wife. They bitch at each other hopelessly and part. At the end we are not sure if Fang has the gumption to go through with his plan to escape to unoccupied Chungking and, presumably, new failures, for he is a sadder but by no means wiser man.

It sounds weak to say, without giving many examples, that *Fortress Besieged* is a *very* funny book, but it most certainly is. Much of the humor is recondite, much is gently elegiac, and much is gaily mean—plenty of sweeping cracks at Westerners in general, Frenchmen, Irish, Americans, Vietnamese, Japanese (understandable at the time), and most professions and character-types within China, especially women, and even more especially semi-Westernized intellectuals. The translation, by Jeanne Kelly and Nathan K. Mao, sounds competent and hints at the richness that the original must possess: "Fang's sleep was fitful, like rice-flour noodles without elasticity or stretchability." No character or group is portrayed as worthwhile; yet this is not a bitter comedy but a sad one, in the great Chinese tradition of sad/gay laments. All great literature, comic or tragic, must eventually deal with loss. The ultimate theme of *Fortress Besieged* is the desperate peril and likely fall of the great Chinese culture that once was —the loss of China. □

A Coat of Varnish
By C. P. Snow
Scribner's, 328 pp., $10.95

GOOD RICE PUDDING

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Novels which are described as being "more than just a detective story" are almost invariably less, but it would not be fair to include C. P. Snow's new novel in that pretentious category. For one thing, Lord Snow has always been a serious reader of mystery fiction, and indeed his own first novel, 47 years ago, was a quite straightforward, if rather ponderous, example of the genre, called *Death under Sail*. So the detectival element in *A Coat of Varnish*—the murder mystery and its solution and the police procedures—are treated with proper respect.

But this isn't really what Graham Greene would call "an entertainment," a light diversion from its author's more

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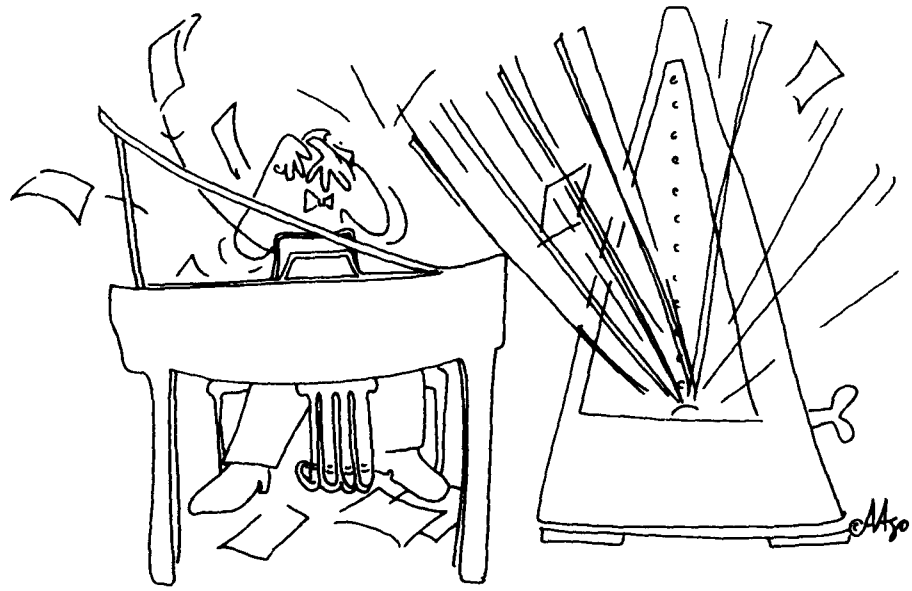
serious concerns. It is, in many ways, a typical C. P. Snow novel disguised as a detective story.

The setting, which is an essential aspect of the book, has been located very exactly in time and place—a characteristic residential square in the Belgravia district of London during the blazing hot summer of 1976. The elderly Lady Ashbrook, having just learned that she is not fatally ill, is murdered in her home. The suspects are her friends and neighbors. The investigations, and the long verbal duel with the murderer which forms the climax of the story, are conducted by a highly professional and skillful detective from Scotland Yard, whose activities are marginally helped and dryly observed by a typical C. P. Snow protagonist, Humphrey Leigh, a retired senior intelligence officer, whose own mild love affair provides a subplot, and whose general compassion and detachment set the tone.

THE NARRATIVE has both the strengths and the weaknesses of all C. P. Snow's later novels. The prose style resembles a moderately good rice pudding, adequate and respectable but featureless. The characters all have a recognizable function but no life. On the other hand, the scenery (both physical and social) and the weather (both literal and metaphorical) are deftly conjured up. I know the streets, the churches, the clubs: I remember those broiling summer nights and the rain-soaked autumn which followed: and I can testify that everything was exactly as Lord Snow describes.

The interest of the book—and, I suspect, Lord Snow's interest—lies much less in the plot or the individual characters than in the author's observation of life and manners. His comments may be purely visual ("Under the clouds, beyond the river, there swirled the russet-lurid glow of London. All towns had their nightly luminescence, but to Humphrey, London's seemed further to the red end of the spectrum than any other"): or psychological ("Humphrey was accustomed to tell him that almost any human activity, when you were actually at work inside it, inspired less emotion than an outsider could imagine"): or social ("With his quick athlete's step he was moving off toward his car, behaving like someone with a train to catch or, more exactly, like someone who was leaving a woman for the last time, determined to be free"): or even political ("Politicians had to be optimistic; otherwise they wouldn't be politicians. In parliamentary societies like this one, the future was as close as their own hopes, and world concern was a very long way distant"). Whether valid or not, they are constantly thought-provoking.



Lord Snow is apt to talk about "the English"—or at least about the upper-middle-class English, who people his books and whose social patterns fascinate him—as if from outside. ("Being English, they took a pleasure in these exchanges which might have mystified others.") But, mellowed by experience and eroded particularly by his two years as a Minister in Harold Wilson's Labor Government, his left-wing views, if they still exist at all, have become quite unobtrusive. The rich thrusting Labor MP in *A Coat of Varnish* is not an admirable figure, and Humphrey has categorically no politics.

There is a scene, early in the book, where a gang of hooligans bursts shockingly into a quiet Belgravia pub. The moral of this incident—and, by extension, of the book—is that "Civilization is hideously fragile. There's not much between us and the horrors underneath. Just a coat of varnish . . .": or, in a form which is less of a cliché and even further removed from starry-eyed liberalism, that civilization survives only because of rules and sanctions ("We've lost religious sanctions, most of us. Without the law, there wouldn't be much left in the way of moral rules").

A Coat of Varnish is a substantial book, perhaps more substantial—in bulk and in Lord Snow's mind—than the thread of its plot can properly bear. It lacks sparkle: but it is, unmistakably, a mature work and not, in total effect, at all dissatisfying. □

Music after Modernism
By Samuel Lipman
Basic Books, 256 pp., $11.95

Alban Berg
By Karen Monson
Houghton Mifflin, 396 pp., $15

THE WASTELAND

SELDEN RODMAN

A generation ago the musical avant garde was infuriated by a book that stated, with wit and considerable learning, the obvious: Avant-garde music (post-*Rite of Spring*) is a pain to listen to and a bore besides. Henry Pleasants, the author of *The Agony of Modern Music*, had concluded that the true musical culture of our time is popular music. Samuel Lipman mentions Pleasants's book on the first page of his own, only to dismiss its conclusions as "insufficient"—a criticism with which I don't disagree; but his own attempt to deal with the basic dilemma of serious music is even more "insufficient," since half of his book is a series of loosely related essays on the likes of Wagner,

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Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Webern, Berg, Copland, Mahler, and Ezra Pound, and the second half is a collection of graceful reviews of famous performers, record albums, contemporary symphony and opera companies, music schools, and contests—trivia all.

Which is a pity, because Mr. Lipman—here and there, in a sentence or a paragraph—has a lot to say about what he calls "The Need for Revaluation," if only he would stick to the subject. He sees the "crass boosterism retailed both by artists' publicity agents and by such self-serving institutions as the Metropolitan Opera and Lincoln Center . . . based upon the false idea that people need only to be told what to like, and that, having been told, they will then like it." He sees further that, while the new music technically does exist and is even performed, "these performances are largely extorted under various forms of subtle and less subtle economic and intellectual pressure, and no matter how expert the performances or how well programmed the audience, the end result is the same: the music is largely unloved and soon forgotten." He notes ironically that never before "have so many composers lived so well and been socially so secure." And he adds that whereas fifty years ago modern music was the music then being written, "now a half-century has passed, and the same music is still modern . . . not only in the sense that it still sounds new; it is modern in the most brute sense of being as difficult to assimilate—to learn and to hear—as it was the day it was written." But when he concludes this paragraph by saying that "modern music remains, regardless of the success of modernism in the area of handsome painting and provocative literature, stultified and ugly," he makes a dubious distinction. There are no captive audiences for books, and a "handsome painting," whether of the action, pop, or op variety, may be accepted or rejected in a single painless instant.

Chapter after chapter, Mr. Lipman makes many interesting points. Wagner's genius as a composer cannot be detached from his repulsive ideology. New York City Opera's "cleansing" of *Die Meistersinger* produced a travesty; its composer "represents the loftiest human sentiments, and implies the extinction of millions." Schoenberg's masterpiece *Moses and Aaron* fails to supply

the music for Moses' triumph: "We are inescapably left with the primacy of the word amid the impotence of music." What happened to Stravinsky after *Rite* (1913) is best conveyed by Virgil Thomson: "When expansion ceased, working methods became [his] subject"; and by George Steiner, with his metaphor of "custodians racing through the museum of civilization, seeking order and sanctuary for its treasures before closing time." As for Copland, who took up where the eccentric Ives left off, he managed to create the *sound* of America, however artificially. But "nationalism in music has had its day . . . once again American music is a branch of the world musical scene . . . and we are all homogenized."

Discussing the latter-day resurrection of Mahler, Lipman sums up that composer's musical mood very well as "a melancholia simultaneously abject and lofty, disturbed by frequent interjections of coarse peasant humor, and saved by the prospect of redemption both sublime and certain." Mahler has taken hold with the musical intellectuals mainly because his anguished Romanticism provides an oasis in the cacophonous desert of Modernism.

And where does Ezra Pound fit into all this, Pound who didn't know the difference between harmony and rhythm and who, according to his friend William Carlos Williams, "couldn't even carry a tune"? That so many—including Hugh Kenner, who speaks of Pound's "four-dimensional sureness"—could take this "tiresome village explainer" seriously as a music critic must be attributable, Lipman thinks, to the "twentieth century intellectual's fascination with authoritarian solutions achieved within a framework of revolutionary politics." Poor Ezra, who saw the epitome of music's fate in Beethoven—"the symbol of the suffering or decadence of the European ear, and the general triumph of loudness"!

Schoenberg's two talented pupils went in opposite directions. Webern outmastered the master, writing minuscule atonal compositions more hermetic than anything the cantankerous Viennese had dreamed of. Berg, on the other hand, was a Romantic at heart and wanted desperately to communicate with a big public. With the first of his two operas, *Wozzeck*, he succeeded. Taking up where Mahler and Richard Strauss had left off—and to the dismay of Schoenberg, for whom success spelled failure—Berg, without entirely abandoning atonality, wrote a score to Georg Büchner's 1834 play of madness and murder among the *Lumpenproletariat* that perfectly reflected the Vienna of 1912-18: the Vienna of Klimt and Schiele, of Wedekind and Freud, Karl Lueger and Adolf Hitler, a city rocketing to defeat, revolution, and worse. My guess is that *Wozzeck* has been the only modernist opera to hold the stage, not because of its score, which is powerful but painful to listen to in its unrelieved stridency, but because its libretto reflects the state of hopeless anarchy to which most intellectuals believe the world is doomed. If a work of art offered any gleam of hope, they would reject it.

Karen Monson does not come to any such conclusion; but, because she is an honest reporter and unravels the tangled skein of Modernist music with great skill, she lets the sorry facts speak for themselves. Her biography is absorbing and perhaps definitive. □

ART

CHINA ON THE MARCH

RUTH BERENSON

Politicians, not to mention *NR* readers, may still be debating the pros and cons of American recognition of the People's Republic of China; but for art lovers there's no argument: it's a clear plus, if only for the extraordinary exhibition, *The Great Bronze Age of China*, currently gracing the Metropolitan Museum. Though not as glaringly spectacular as the over-publicized King Tut extrav-

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aganza (there's no gold, for instance, nor, so far as is known, are there any mysterious curses associated with the royal tombs from which most of the exhibits were disinterred), it presents an art as beautiful as it is, to most of us, unfamiliar, and deserves to be a crowd-puller not just in New York but on its stops in Chicago, Fort Worth, Los Angeles, and Boston, where it will wind up its tour in September 1981.

Much of its fascination resides in the fact that a few years ago it could not have been shown in its present form, for many of the items had not yet been unearthed. From the 1950s on, but especially during the 1970s, a whole series of breathtaking archaeological discoveries have occurred in China, mostly by accident. They have stunned scholars in both the East and the West and caused the rewriting of not only Chinese art history but the history of China itself, for at least two recently disinterred bronzes contain inscriptions referring to people and events previously thought to be legends. With unprecedented generosity the Chinese authorities have not only permitted these rarities to be seen in the West, they allowed the Met's deputies to select pretty much what they wished, the result being a show of superlative quality.

As its title indicates, the bulk of the exhibition consists of bronzes, along with a small but choice group of jades, the oldest of which were made in the seventeenth century B.C., about the time when aboriginal Britons were building Stonehenge. They were not meant for daily use but for rituals connected with ancestor worship. Their possession was restricted to the privileged few, and no wonder, for making them was expensive and required enormous technical expertise. Jade, for instance, is so hard it cannot be cut even by a steel tool and must be worked with abrasives, so that the subtle curves and razor sharpness of the Shang knife represent untold man-hours and a feeling for the nature of the material that a Noguchi might envy. Bronze-making called for a knowledge of mining, of metallurgy, and of the chemical properties of the copper and tin composing it. The Chinese technique of casting in ceramic molds, usually in multiple sections, and fitting the sections together so the joints were invisible was far more demanding than the lost-wax process used in the ancient West.

The Chinese, just emerging from the Neolithic age, mastered these skills with incredible speed. Barely fifty years after the earliest bronze discovered so far —a slender undecorated wine cup on tapering legs, with a flaring handle and spout which would become a standard shape—these Shang craftsmen were casting vessels weighing hundreds of pounds and adorned with elaborate decoration; this, contrary to Western practice, was worked on the molds instead of being added to the finished vessel. Early ornament was in the form of stylized animals or animal heads, with staring, prominent eyes; at first applied only in bands circling the vessel, it later covered the whole surface, growing more complex and abstract with time.

These objects were often cherished for centuries before finally being buried with their last owners. Thus the tomb of the Empress Fu Hao contained a real treasure-trove of Shang work. The lady herself seems to have been one of those formidable females Chinese history abounds in, a Bronze Age Madame Chiang Kai-shek or Chiang Ching, who rode with the armies and even led them in battle when her consort, Emperor Wu Ding, was otherwise occupied. Some two hundred bronzes as well as small sculptures and jades were found in her tomb; one jade, a crested bird, has exactly the curving shape of an Art Nouveau peacock.

Contact with nomadic peoples beyond the Great Wall during the Warring States Period, 475 to 221 B.C., brought horses to China and also taught Chinese bronze-makers how to use inlay, a Middle Eastern invention, so they could apply curvilinear designs in contrasting materials like copper, malachite, turquoise, silver, and gold. A new interest in nature appears at this time, marvelously apparent in a rhinoceros discovered by a farmer in 1963. The artist (third century B.C.) captured the animal's stolidity and imperturbability, but the love of overall pattern which had dominated Chinese art for centuries led him to cover the whole surface with a network of scalloped cloud scrolls.

The end of the Bronze Age coincided with the Han Dynasty (202 B.C. to 220 A.D.), when iron came into general use. Bronze continued to be employed for precious objects, however, and naturalism bloomed, as is clear from a gilded lamp in the form of a kneeling girl; her uplifted arm serves as a channel for the smoke. This charming figure comes from the tomb of Prince Liu Sheng, whose jade burial suit was discovered in 1968; the magnificence of his entombment must have rivaled that of the pharaohs.

Even so, the discovery of his tomb was matched, if not surpassed, by the accidental uncovering in 1974 of a terracotta army guarding the burial place of the man who unified China, the first Ch'in Emperor (221 to 206 B.C.). There are seven thousand of these sculptured clay figures—men and horses equipped with chariots, many still retaining their brilliant lifelike colors. Their bronze weapons are missing, apparently stolen by marauders who set fire to the wooden roof that sheltered them, happily ensuring their preservation by burying them in ashes.

Six life-size soldiers and horses have been lent to the exhibition. Made by coiling, a technique known to the earliest potters, they are the oldest large-scale Chinese sculptures known—and so lifelike that some scholars believe them to be actual portraits. There is a cavalryman leading a horse by its bridle; a standing foot soldier, his pose much like that used in the traditional Chinese pastime of shadow-boxing; a kneeling archer; a horse that pulled a chariot, his muscles clearly straining as he struggles forward; a charioteer wearing a bonnet showing that his rank is higher than that of ordinary soldiers; and a fiercely mustachioed officer, over six feet tall, his face lined by exposure and experience, his stance proud, his attitude that of one accustomed to command. Some faces appear wholly Chinese, others show traces of Central Asian ancestry. Somehow they resemble those Long Marchers whose stamina brought power to today's Communist Dynasty. □

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FILM

MYTHOPOEIC MADNESS

JOHN SIMON

If *Star Wars* struck me as no worse than harmless junk, the reason may have been the novelty of combining the hardware of *2001* with the software of Tolkien. But the sequel, *The Empire Strikes Back*, subtitled *Star Wars: Episode V*, is malodorous offal, and not only because it promises three prequels to its predecessor and four sequels to itself. Yet that, too, is repulsively commercial: George Lucas—whether directly, as in *Star Wars*, or indirectly, as here, through his new scenarists (the late Leigh Brackett and Lawrence Kasdan) and new director (Irvin Kershner) —had just enough vision for one intermittently diverting piece of nonsense. In the sequel, everything is stale, limp, desperately stretched out, and pretentious. And without innocence.

What innocence there may have been in the original *Star Wars* was surely forfeited by the exploitative industries that sprung up around it: unprecedented devices for blood sports such as parent-bleeding and piggy-bank-sticking. You might say that the Disney people were not exactly guiltless of megalo- or meta-marketing, from Mickey Mouse watches to Disneylands and Disney Worlds, those Forest Lawns of the mind. But those were secular realms, whereas *Star Wars* is a religion, as the sequel makes even clearer, and religious cults are better than lay ones at mulcting their adherents.

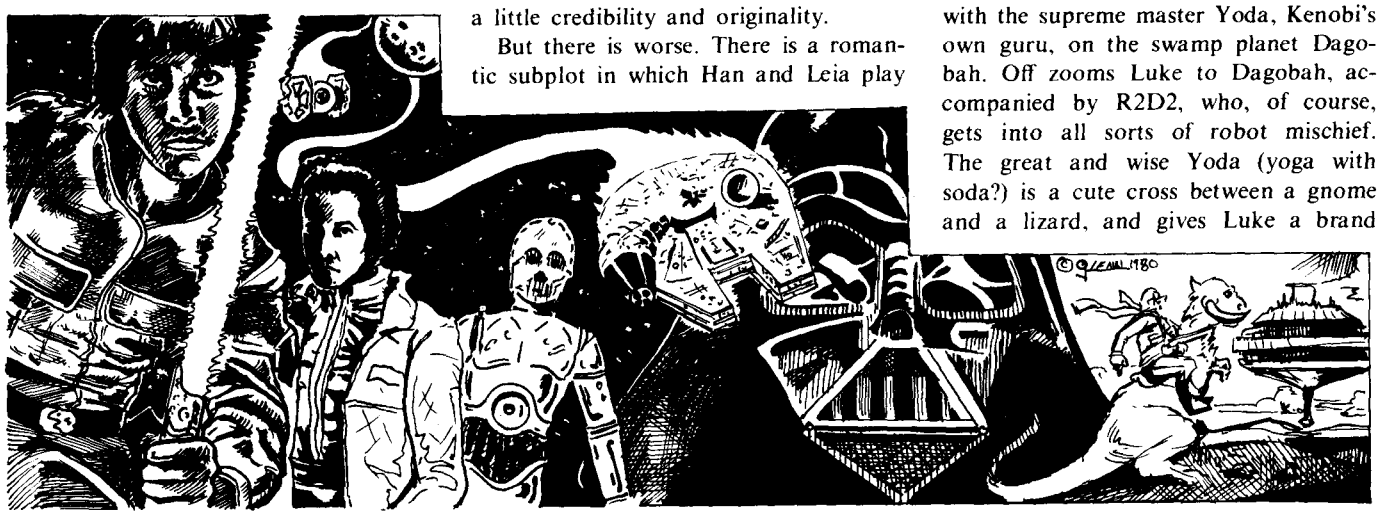
In *The Empire Strikes Back*, the evil Empire, under the demonic leadership of Darth Vader, has regained stability after being shaken by the powers of good under that Platonic *ménage à trois*, Princess Leia, Luke Skywalker, and Han Solo. These redeemers have now gone into hiding deep under the snows of the ice planet Hoth, where they are being tracked by octopus-shaped mechanical probes of the Empire. Luke goes investigating on his stylized kangaroo steed (the Lucas imagination recapitulates a primitive bestiary) and is attacked by a powerful snow creature he finally manages to kill. But he would freeze to death (after dark one must be sheltered in a Hoth house) if Han Solo did not ride out to find him in that endless wilderness of ice, which he promptly does. Swiftly, singlehandedly, he builds an igloo, without sacrificing so much as a finger to frostbite or verisimilitude.

Later, when the Empire attacks with several snow-walkers (slow, long-leggedly swaying, turtle-like tanks) that are impervious to Princess Leia's most elaborate weaponry, Luke destroys one by winding a steel wire around its legs, another by giving it a dynamite hotfoot. Still later, when Leia and Han in their *Millennium Falcon* are pursued by the imperial flotilla, they give Darth Vader the slip—first by steering into a field of asteroids, then by landing atop his *Death Star* and riding it piggyback, unnoticed by anyone. As you can see, the plot devices are superannuated, preposterous, or imbecile, or a combination of the above. Even science fiction can use a little credibility and originality.

But there is worse. There is a romantic subplot in which Han and Leia play the love-hate game of 1930s screwball comedies, where, at least, the hero and heroine ended up in a conjugal bed. Here a chaste kiss or two is the ultimate consummation, as tepid and infantile as the repartee that preceded it. "Infantile" is the operative word, for nothing in *Empire* must interfere with the blessed infantilism of children and the blissful regression of adults. Nevertheless, at film's end, when Han Solo is carbon-frozen into an oversized paperweight and carried off by a bounty hunter for undisclosed purposes, Leia seems to veer back to Luke, and simple-minded triangularity is restored.

THIS WITLESS banality is made even less bearable by the non-acting of the principals. Harrison Ford (Han) offers loutishness for charm and becomes the epitome of the interstellar drugstore cowboy. Mark Hamill (Luke) is still the talentless Tom Sawyer of outer space, wide-eyed, narrow-minded, straitlaced. Worst of all is Carrie Fisher, whose Leia is a cosmic Shirley Temple, but without the slightest acting ability or vestige of prettiness. Though still very young, she looks, without recourse to special effects, at least fifty—the film's only true, albeit depressing, miracle. It turns out, as part of the movie's barbershop Freudianizing, that Darth Vader is really Luke's father; by the time we get to the next episode, Leia may easily be his mother.

Most painful, however, is the dime-store mysticism that runs through the picture. Obi-Wan Kenobi, who periodically reappears from the other dimension into which he has been translated, informs Luke that the Force he has inherited must be perfected by studying with the supreme master Yoda, Kenobi's own guru, on the swamp planet Dagobah. Off zooms Luke to Dagobah, accompanied by R2D2, who, of course, gets into all sorts of robot mischief. The great and wise Yoda (yoga with soda?) is a cute cross between a gnome and a lizard, and gives Luke a brand



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of Zen training that consists mostly of learning to spout platitudes while standing on one's head. (Does an upside-down cliché equal a mystic insight?) Ultimately, Luke is to perform wonders like the one pulled off by Yoda when, by sheer concentration and will power, he raises Luke's aircraft from the ooze that engulfed it. Yet before Luke has mastered half the curriculum, he rashly rushes off to save Leia, Han, and C-3PO from terrible dangers. They are being betrayed by Lando Calrissian (Billy Dee Williams), lord of the cloud city of Bespin, into the hands of Darth Vader.

Lando is really the intergalactic black hipster, who soon proves to be a decent rascal by reverting to his old camaraderie with Han Solo, and siding with Han, Leia, and the by now dismantled C-3PO, whom Chewbakka the Wookie is gradually reassembling. Lando serves the dual purpose of giving blacks someone to identify with in the great beyond and teaching white kids to love their street-wise black brethren. But I worry about the way Lando ogles Leia; there is no telling what might happen by episode VII or VIII.

I really can't go on feeding you more of the plot (which also includes plentiful references to the ancient Knight of Jedi, whose return will be chronicled in the next installment) without making morons of both of us. Suffice it to say that the ending is a double or triple cliffhanger, and to assure you that, even though Darth Vader in a duel unto deathly boredom chops off Luke's hand, the bionic replacement will undoubtedly prove as good as the old limb—after all, the bionic hands that wrote and directed this sequel seem to have incurred no falling off at the box office.

THE DANGER is only that as we get, spread out over two decades or more, the remaining episodes, a whole generation of kids may grow up with the Force as their faith, the Jedi knights as their apostles, Luke (i.e., Lucas) Skywalker as their Savior, and Obi-Wan Kenobi as their Paraclete. I am not sure whether Darth Vader is to be reclaimed—a prodigal dad reverting to benevolent paternal godhead—or whether Han and Leia will turn into a ruling divine couple with Luke as their Oedipal son; but I suggest that, unless it is already too late, an energetic campaign be mounted against this nascent theogony and theocracy.

Meanwhile the special effects, which alone can make this sort of *olla podrida* even vaguely palatable, are conspicuously inferior to those in *Star Wars*—perhaps because the ingenious John Dykstra did not ply his recondite craft on this one. For whatever reason, *The Empire Strikes Back* strikes out in most of its special effects, which look like a second-rate comic strip. The program lists five and a half pages of credits; it would take at least twice that space to list the debits.

If you have any lingering doubts about the mentality of George Lucas, which informs this epic ennead in the making, consider the Northern Californian cinéaste's remark to the *New York Times*' Aljean Harmetz: "Hollywood is not where my home is, my wife is, my dog is. I like to be in my own bed watching television." Lucas should make love, not star wars, to his wife, his dog, his very own television set, and stop contributing to the sappiness of nations. Parents beware! Lucas and your kids may land you in bankruptcy court. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BIG FALLING SNOW, *by Albert Yava, edited by Harold Courlander (Crown, 178 pp., $10).* Big Falling Snow is English for Nuvayoyava, the author's Hopi name before Arizona reservation schoolmarms cut it to Yava. It was as far as he let them assimilate him. Though he mastered their language and eventually made a living interpreting for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, he stuck true to the ways of his people. The ways were strong, and because he respected them they guided him through his ninety years. In this book he tells about it—a believer's life—with assurance and a great deal of art. For Yava, the legends of the Hopi answer questions that confound the rest of us. He need not wonder where people came from and where they're bound: they climbed up a bamboo through the sky of the underworld with the approval of Masauwu, Spirit of Death, inhabitant of canyon bottoms, to whom they return at the end of their lives. They came to escape evil people, but one snuck up to the new world when the good weren't looking: "You couldn't get along without an evil one," he said. "I have a part to play in this world." He certainly did: he helped them place the sun, moon, and stars. The Pokang warrior brothers built mountains and mesas with marsh mud and drove off the monsters. Masauwu allocated territory to each tribe. Before they set out, Tawa the Sun Spirit—or, as other Hopis have it, Spider Grandmother the Earth Spirit—gave them rules to live by. The rules were simple: "If a man falls down help him to get up." "Share what you have." "If you see something edible, take a part of it, only what you need." Yava followed them throughout the arduous life he describes and was content. The firelight stories in whitewashed kivas were his wealth and his wisdom.

PAUL T. HORNAK

NUTS, *by Gahan Wilson (Marek, 94 pp., $8.95; paperback $4.95).* Consider The Kid as hero. Not the saucy sprite regularly dished up by Hollywood, but a Real Kid, who does dumb things, and who is not precocious, foul-mouthed, or otherwise impossibly snappy. Or, as Jean Shepherd wrote in *In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash*, "Life, when you're a Male kid, is what the Grownups are doing. The Adult world seems to be some kind of secret society that has its own passwords, handclasps, and countersigns. The thing is to get In." All this by way of announcing Gahan Wilson's latest book, a collection of the *Nuts* comic strips he does for *National Lampoon*. Here we have the continuing, normal, Leave-It-to-Beaveresque adventures of The Kid. No name; just The Kid, although his dog's name is Waldo. *Nuts* is about all the hopes and fears and nightmares of childhood, and why you're glad not to be a kid any more. As Wilson writes, "Those of you who remember how great it was to be a little kid, gang, don't remember how it was to be a little kid." There is The Kid, an ogre smothered in layers of clothing, looking like a tiny Chicago hood, battling in a world of surprise rules, first funerals, summer camp, unbelievably bad report cards, sickness, moronic friends, and comics like *Lieutenant Slamo and the Ace Brigade*. The Kid resorts to last-minute prayers to God, and occasional fantastic dreams of a Death Ray, as in "Watch out! The kid's got a Death Ray!" So much for nostalgia. No wonder The Kid says, "I can hardly wait to be a grownup." The book, by the way, is dedicated "to all of us." JOE MYSAK

THE DEVIL'S ALTERNATIVE, *by Frederick Forsyth (Viking, 432 pp., $12.95).* **The time is 1982, and a man is found drifting in the ocean off the coast of Turkey. When he is taken aboard a small Italian freighter, events are set in motion that will bring the world perilously close to nuclear dis-**

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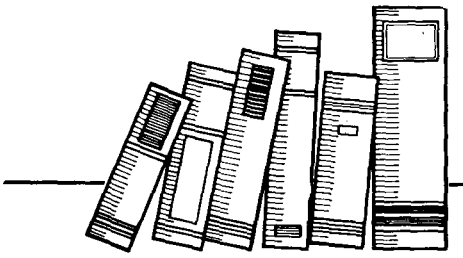

Dark Horses

GETTING A HANDLE on the problem of federal spending is no easy task, precisely because the machinery of government has become so vast and labyrinthine. The average citizen has no idea of what is going on, and equally little idea of how to start finding out.

Happily, some industrious students of the public-policy process have done the necessary spadework to provide us with appropriate answers. United Press International reporter Donald Lambro, for one, has slogged through endless reams of documents and hours of interviews to produce an infuriating book he calls *Fat City* (Regnery/Gateway, 120 West LaSalle Ave., South Bend, Ind. 46601; $12.95). As the careful reader may have guessed, the city in question is Washington, D.C., and Lambro does a masterly job of proving that the label is deserved.

Fat City is a detailed study of waste, incompetence, fraud, and casual disregard for the public weal that is mind-boggling in its scope. The author shows that tens of billions of dollars are gushing to oblivion down a thousand bureaucratic rat-holes. He demonstrates that federal spending and employment totals are much larger than the official figures, that useless or positively harmful programs roll on like Ol' Man River, and that, in general, the American people are being thoroughly ripped off by tax-supported looters.

Lambro regales us with horror stories of bureaucrats living high on the hog at our expense, "beltway bandits" getting rich by writing ridiculous studies, projects that everyone knows are worthless being continued because some pressure group demands them, fancy conferences at posh resorts, private planes and first-class air fares, official failure to crack down on demonstrated waste, etc.

All of this is documented with great particularity. Lambro has done a heroic job of research that should put his colleagues in the media, and the various congressional oversight committees, to shame. He estimates that something like $100 billion a year is being wasted by our sovereign masters in the federal capital, and provides a list of one hundred agencies and programs that should be curtailed or even abolished outright. An excellent book, but one that ought to contain a warning: If you have high blood pressure, reading it could be hazardous to your health.

To the extravagance and chicanery detailed by Lambro must be added the costs that excessive government imposes by stifling economic growth and mandating business outlays that are then passed on to the consumer. These costs are ably summarized by Murray L. Weidenbaum in *The Future of Business Regulation* (AMACOM, 135 W. 50th St., New York, N.Y. 10025; $12.95). Professor Weidenbaum, who heads the Center for the Study of Business at Washington University in St. Louis and is a leading authority on the costs of regulation, provides a story as appalling in its way as that supplied by Lambro.

WHAT WEIDENBAUM tells us is how the federal regulators, all too often, are blindly piling burdens upon the rest of us. In case after case, regulations are slapped in place with no clear notion of what the real effects may be, whether the costs will exceed the benefits (if any), or whether ancillary problems will be created by the intrusion. The net result is a mass of overlapping, contradictory, ineffective, and thoroughly irrational federal programs.

Worst of all, Weidenbaum demonstrates, the federal interventions often produce results directly counter to those intended—less safety rather than more, more pollution rather than less, harm to consumers rather than assistance. The costs of all this regulation to our economy, he estimates, are at least $100 billion annually—most of this sum not reflected in the official budgetary totals. Add that to the $100 billion in waste and fraud spelled out by Lambro, and, before you know it, you're talking about real money. —M. STANTON EVANS

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aster, in this latest novel by Frederick Forsyth (author of *Day of the Jackal*, *The Odessa File*, and *The Dogs of War*). In Russia there is a failed grain crop of such proportions that it could lead to starvation and riots; then Ukrainian Jews, with help from Ukrainian loyalists in other countries, assassinate the chairman of the KGB; next a Swedish supertanker loaded with oil is hijacked, and as if all these tension-producing events were not enough, add a Russian secretary who has become disenchanted with the Soviet system and, under the code name of Nightingale, begins to pass high-level secrets to the British government through her former lover, an agent for the SIS. Forsyth apparently works on the principle that if a little bit is good, a lot more is even better, and so he layers tense scene on tense scene and plot on plot. Unfortunately, it is all a little too much, and, despite the fact that Forsyth juggles all these diverse elements rather skillfully, one keeps having visions of a high-budget disaster movie sprinkled with famous faces in cameo roles—which is okay, if you are writing a movie script to begin with. In fact, *The Devil's Alternative* may make a better movie than it does a book. It is certainly not literature, and as entertainment it rates only fair.

NORMA HAWES

GEORGE KAUFMAN, *by Malcolm Goldstein (Oxford, 503 pp., $20).* George S. Kaufman's reputation as playwright, director, and wit is by now firmly established. Goldstein's biography is the third to be written during the last decade and confirms that the co-author of such Broadway hits as *You Can't Take It with You*, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, and the Marx Brothers' classic *A Night at the Opera* knew the art of comic stagecraft as few have known it before or since. A man of sharp and sometimes wounding humor, he was habitually withdrawn and isolated, yet somehow he managed to earn a reputation as a great ladies' man (he figured prominently in the Mary Astor divorce case of the 1930s). The emphasis here, however, is on Kaufman's work. Goldstein chronicles the making of each of Kaufman's plays in detail—too much detail, in fact. Few people will care who replaced whom in the cast of the New Haven tryouts of a Kaufman disaster that expired after a dozen Broadway performances, yet Goldstein dotes on such minutiae. For a biography of a celebrated wit this is an oddly humorless book. Both Howard Teichmann's and Scott Meredith's earlier works had a greater sense of life about them, although Goldstein provides the best treatment of Kaufman's artistic decline in the 1940s. This is a magnificently researched book, but it is one that is likely to be more consulted than read.

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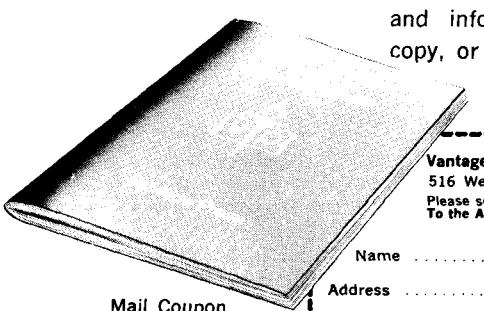

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

EMERSON P. SCHMIDT:

On Union Power

The ultimate coercive weapon of the union is not the strike, but violence, actual or potential. A public indifferent to this travesty gets what it deserves; if the resulting disorder and inconvenience finally lead to dictatorship, the people will have only themselves to blame. (Actual title *Union Power and the Public Interest*)

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The 60-Minute Pressure

On The Right

New York, May 9– On Saturday evening a week ago at the Waldorf-Astoria the Friars Club hosted a testimonial dinner for Henry Kissinger at which the luminaries were abundantly present, a jolly evening with, however, a note of strain. Because Mike Wallace was one of a dozen speakers, and on the following evening CBS's *60 Minutes* would feature a segment on the "Shah-Kissinger Connection." Officials of all the networks were seated at the dais, and tribal loyalties are always an electrifying element even in circumstances primarily social. Bob Hope, who has recently been appearing with CBS, told the crowd: "I have a soft place in my heart for NBC. [*Pause.*] Who else would pay $80 million for exclusive rights to a presidential boycott?" That is not the kind of thing that passes for humor at NBC on the eve of the Olympics.

CBS's problem was imminent. The next night, the guest of honor, Henry Kissinger, would not appear on the *60 Minutes* show to which he had been invited, an invitation which he had at first accepted. When it came his turn to speak, he made nice fun of the situation. When he learned that the episode was to be entitled "The Shah-Kissinger Connection," he said, "I knew it would be a hatchet job: obviously I was getting second billing." Roars from the audience.

But the contention between *60 Minutes* and Kissinger was—is—serious. Here, highly compressed, is what happened:

1. Dan Rather put together a program the thesis of which was that Kissinger, while serving as Secretary of State, searched out means of financing one of his, and Nixon's, objectives: namely, to transform Iran into a first-class military power. To do this required the purchase of highly specialized and extremely expensive equipment, notably aircraft. Congress was not about to give the Shah free airplanes, and Iran didn't have the financial reserves to buy them. So? Why not suddenly encourage the Shah to raise the price of oil? That way, from increased revenues, the money would be there to buy the arms with. Dan Rather got together, to document the thesis: James Akins, who had been ambassador to Saudi Arabia during the period when the oil prices first went up; George Ball, who while doing special work on Iran for President Carter got to review the old cable traffic from 1973-74; and William Simon, Secretary of the Treasury under Nixon and Ford, who has always been an implacable foe of the OPEC conspiracy.

2. CBS then asked Kissinger to appear on the program to defend himself. He agreed—but in due course modified his acceptance. He gave *60 Minutes* the names of a dozen or so men who had official responsibilities at the time and would verify his disavowal of complicity in the OPEC price rise. CBS declined to invite any of them along to substantiate Kissinger's account; so he declined to appear, satisfying himself instead with writing a long letter to Dan Rather and conversing privately with him and the producer of *60 Minutes*, Don Hewitt.

3. The segment shown on Sunday night included not a single sentence from Kissinger's five-page letter. Instead, Dan Rather quoted the off-the-record remarks by Kissinger in which Kissinger guessed at the motivations of his detractors. "Akins is lying," Kissinger reportedly said, "and [has] engaged in a personal vendetta against me. . . . [Ball] is a partisan political opponent . . . jealous of me, and long engaged in a personal campaign to destroy me." About Simon, Kissinger said merely that they had had "honest differences over policy, but that had nothing to do with financing the Shah's weapons with an oil price increase." Kissinger termed the entire production "malicious, ridiculous, and untrue."

In the *60 Minutes* segment, Rather asked Ball, "Do you have any indication, have you ever seen any evidence that Dr. Kissinger did try to use his influence with the Shah to keep the prices down?"

Ball answered: "No."

From Kissinger's letter, in Rather's possession when the above was broadcast: "Immediately after the OPEC decision [to raise the price of oil] on December 28 I wrote a strong letter of protest to the Foreign Minister of Saudi Arabia and to President Sadat. President Nixon, on the basis of my recommendation and draft, sent a strong letter of protest to the King of Saudi Arabia. On December 29 I sent an even stronger protest to the Shah. The cable to the Shah included the following sentences: 'The President is greatly concerned over the destabilizing impact the price increases agreed to in Teheran for Persian Gulf crude will have on the world's economy and the catastrophic problems it could pose to the international monetary system. We believe this drastic price increase is particularly unreasonable coming as it does when supplies are being artificially restrained.'" And a day later, Kissinger wrote to the British Foreign Secretary Alec Home proposing cooperative action by consumer nations to combat the price increase, and objecting that "the decisions [by OPEC] were taken of course unilaterally without even the semblance of negotiation with the international companies or consumer nations."

None of this, or other related materials, was alluded to on *60 Minutes*. None of Kissinger's associates was called. Proving?

That the show must go on. □

CBS CONFIDENTIAL *New York*, May 14—One had entertained the hope that on Sunday (May 11) the producer of *60 Minutes* would disavow the week-old thesis that Kissinger egged on the Shah to raise oil prices in order to subsidize the purchase of U.S. arms, or present an effective rebuttal. It would appear plain that CBS intends to do nothing at all about it. It is much easier just to let the whole thing rest. To do so is a) to exhibit an indifference to the truth that *60 Minutes* ostensibly seeks to serve; and b) to betray deep cynicism toward its obligations to the viewing public.

The facts stand out:

1. By 1973, the U.S. was using its oil at capacity production and our energy requirements were steadily increasing. When the Saudis, in reaction against U.S. backing of Israel during the Yom Kippur War, cut back production by two million barrels per day, causing a scarcity and an increase in the spot market price, the objective conditions were ripe for a general increase in price.

2. During the Yom Kippur War, the Iranians did not cut back production. In fact, the Shah continued to ship oil to

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Israel as well as to the U.S., thus incurring an enmity which the Ayatollah has taken several opportunities to stress. When the price increase of December 1973 was promulgated, the spot price of oil had reached $17, the OPEC price remaining at $5.85. That Iran made the motion for an increase (unanimously endorsed) is a datum of purely parliamentary interest. The warning given to Kissinger on December 21 by U.S. Ambassador Akins in Saudi Arabia that an increase was imminent prompted Kissinger to protest the increase in various communications (known to CBS at the time of the airing but never alluded to).

3. The United States—CBS might have discovered retaliated against Iran by increasing the cost of the arms Iran had set out to buy. However, most significant is the chronology. The remilitarization emphasized during the *60 Minutes* program occurred during the first year of the Carter Administration. Dan Rather's sentence, introducing the program, alluded to the Shah's ordering "$5.7-billion worth of military hardware from this country between October 1976 and September 1977." Dr. Kissinger was a lame-duck Secretary of State during the last two months of 1976. Moreover, that heavy buying program came three to four years after the events described at the expense of Kissinger. When you add two factors—namely a) that in real terms the price of oil declined between the increase of 1973 and the increase of 1978 because of U.S. inflation; and b) that the overwhelming portion of the extra revenues brought into Iran from the price rise of 1973 were spent by the Shah on economic programs—you are left, really, with absolutely no evidence at all of the so-called Shah-Kissinger Connection to encourage a rise in the price of oil in order to finance the purchase of U.S. military equipment. A non-story.

NOW NON-STORIES happen all the time. But we have here a non-story sponsored by the head of CBS's news division, Bill Leonard, produced by CBS's Don Hewitt, narrated by CBS's Dan Rather—every fact contradicting which was known to the relevant parties before the program was screened. The brass at CBS has a single story to tell: Ah, but Henry Kissinger was invited on the program! Having said this, how can we then be accused of unfairness?

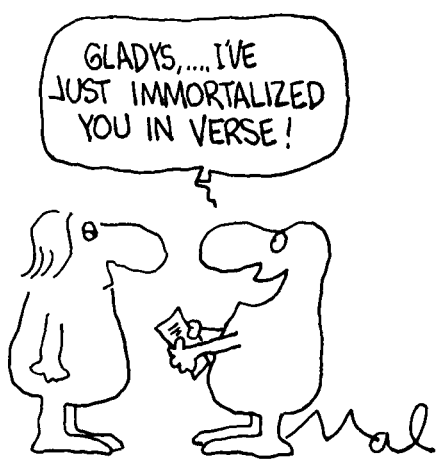
Any professional litigant or polemicist knows the answer. Merely to invite someone on a program to state his own case, in limited time, against a finely orchestrated barrage, is less than adequate treatment. The Sixth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States recognized this reality long before the age of television when it stipulated that a defendant has the right to subpoena witnesses on his own behalf. Kissinger supplied a list of ten expert witnesses qualified to speak on the subject. Not one of them was invited. Not one of them was even interviewed. Given the legendary industry of CBS, the reason why has got to be obvious: CBS is not looking for evidence that would put off the lynching. The nubile noose was nicely hung over the limb, and a great big audience was out there waiting, and CBS aims to please. □

CASTRO VERSUS MIGUEL

New York, May 19—Miguel Romero (we'll call him) arrived in America four or five years after Fidel Castro came to power. He had been a grocer; he was a bachelor, quiet, sensitive, who one day decided he couldn't take it any more, so he put together everything he could sell and contrived to get a ticket to Madrid-New York, because it was during the period when Castro pleased himself by forbidding refugees to fly ninety miles north to Florida, or a few hundred miles west to Mexico—let them spend $500 to reach the United States via Spain. Miguel arrived in Connecticut, where he went to work as a handyman, at $2.50 per hour. Within ten years he had accumulated the money to bring to America via the same route—Havana-Madrid-New York—two brothers, a sister, and his senile mother. He sent them money for the air fare by arrangement with a Canadian bank (sending U.S. dollars to Cuba was then embargoed).

Having set his brothers up running a tiny grocery store, and located a Catholic old people's home for his mother, Miguel came unhappily to the conclusion that whatever his other gifts, he would never learn English—and so, with a few hundred dollars saved, he set out for Puerto Rico.

There he went into the business of making doughnuts, and soon he began to prosper, investing finally in a big doughnut-making machine that tripled his previous capacity. Once a year he would treat himself to a trip to Connecticut to visit his family and bring gifts to his friends. He was now almost fifty years old and a man of parts, but his manner was unchanged: quiet, deferential, doggedly industrious, frugal. He worried only about two nephews and two nieces left behind in Cuba. He had not been able to contrive their emigration, not even via Madrid, because Castro had clamped down. Then suddenly there came the massive invasion of the Peruvian Embassy, following Castro's flip statement that anybody who wished to leave Cuba could do so since he didn't want such riffraff around in any event. Miguel took the next flight to Miami.



By the time he got to Key West, all the small fishing boats were gone, but he located the owner of a medium-sized vessel who agreed to pilot Miguel to the port of Mariel, which Castro had designated as the staging area for the riffraff who chose freedom. The fee would be $1,000 per day. Miguel's net worth at this point was about $30,000 so he told the skipper to speed off, having meanwhile got word to his four nephews and nieces to stand by.

HE ARRIVED at Mariel. And waited. The emigration officials wouldn't process his application to board his family. One week went by, a second week; a third week. His turn then came, and Castro's officials informed Miguel of the following:

1. He was to board forty Cubans on his boat and take them off to Key West.

2. None of the forty would be members of his own family.

3. His family would subsequently be permitted to emigrate on some other boat—but only two of the four, and the Cuban authorities would in due course decide which would go, which stay.

Miguel had no alternative. He told the skipper to head back, with the forty boatpeople. They were effusive in their thanks to Miguel on reaching Key West. But they could hardly offer to compensate him, because they had no money. They had been limited to one briefcase-sized bag each, with a few toiletries, a shirt, a blouse, maybe slippers. The captain did the accounting, and handed Miguel a bill for $25,000, which he promptly paid (Miguel always paid his bills promptly). At the $2.50 per hour he earned when he arrived in America, that represented ten thousand hours of work. Well, he would go back to Puerto Rico and sell more doughnuts.

Castro certainly got the last laugh on Miguel. You've got to hand it to him. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Pertaining to one million of a certain unit of resistance — 58 153 110 160 208 196 122 180

B. *Senecio glabellus* — 188 32 27 54 62 47 86 59 17 126

C. An Austrian historian (1819-1897) (fol. von) — 221 138 161 111 145 167

D. MECHANIC AIDS CREW — 20 30 2 83 94 104 141 143 166 181 / 190 199 3 57 124 131

E. Pinocchio's creator — 74 155 67 97 211 170 172 192

F. An American painter (1882-1967) of urban scenes — 88 8 128 18 99 183 70 15 45 210 / 189 112

G. A Florentine who illustrated Hebrews 13:8 — 107 12 31 81 186 194 223 119 42 53 / 154 169 182 120 218

H. A town in Baden-Wurttemberg — 85 214 60 69 89 39 90 98 179 142

I. Irritable — 14 37 40 46 79 87 36

J. Nearer — 61 139 132 146 101 207

K. "Cruel kindness" is an example of this kind of figure of speech — 66 96 80 164 209 215 205 198

L. A town in Essex County, Mass. — 116 22 157 133 206 177 102

M. Mohammed Ali's son (1898-1930) — 135 91 187 114 9 219 171 55 173

N. The under plumage of a certain domestic fowl — 148 168 71 11 212 159 162 149 33

O. The eighth letter of the Hebrew alphabet — 1 10 23 28

P. Prone — 175 64 130

Q. An Italian painter (1483-1520) — 184 7 204 213 25 44 51 68 76 5 / 84 222 21 93 106

R. A Venetian painter (1518-1594) — 216 100 109 56 147 178 185 191 26 48

S. The compiler of *The Devil Dictionary* — 50 129 73 35 140 115

T. A tragedy by Aeschylus — 92 49 176 65 123 197 13 134 202

U. William the Conqueror's French relatives who attended his Saturday reviews — 41 203 16 136 38 105 103 108 201 117 / 125 156 200

V. What Parker (Pittsburgh Pirates) hit in 1979 — 118 150 75 52 127 163 137 193

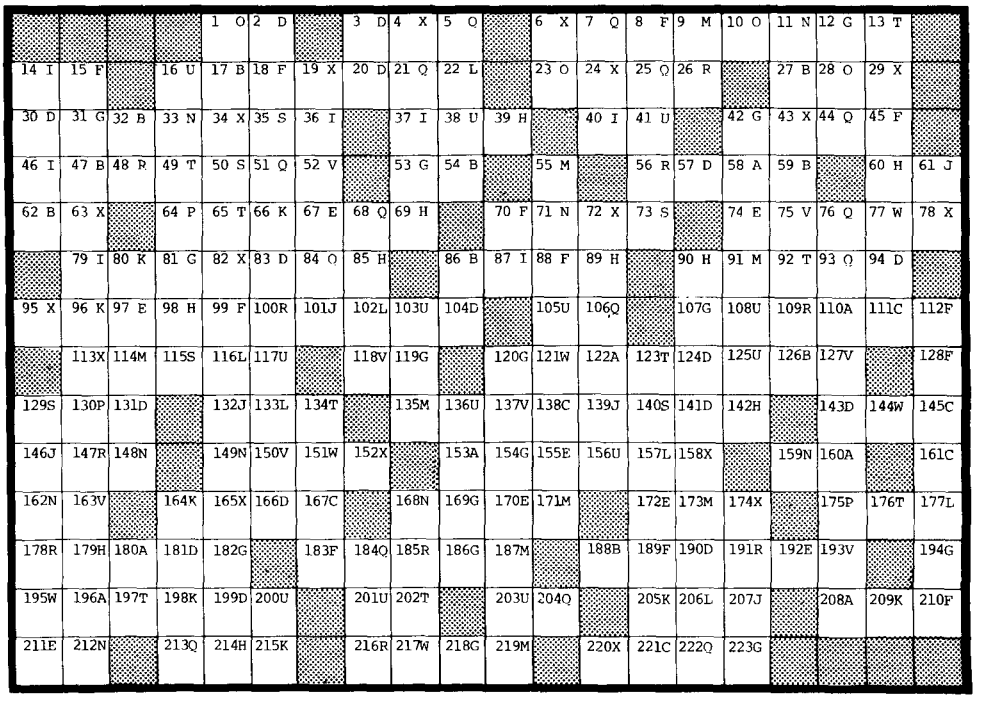
W. An Idaho county — 121 77 144 217 151 195

X. The Athens of the South — 152 4 6 24 72 82 220 19 29 34 / 43 63 78 95 113 158 165 174

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 746 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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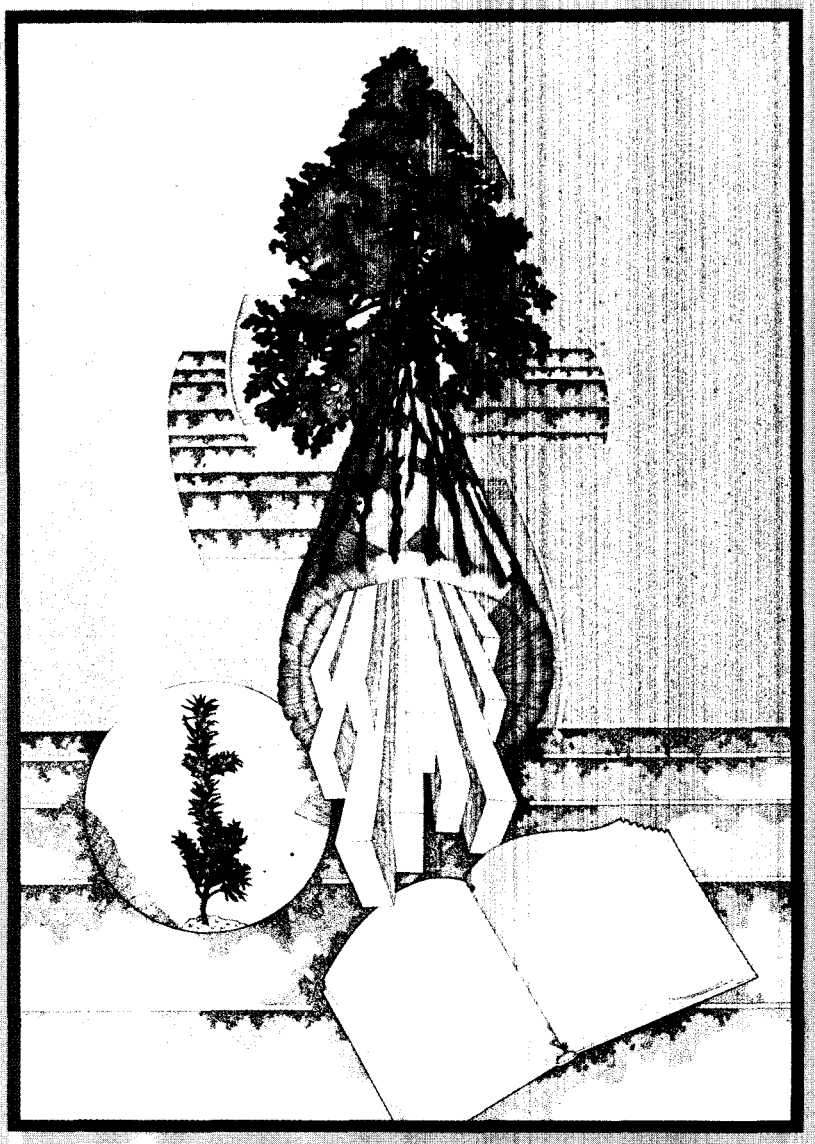
It takes a long time to grow a 2x4.



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